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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE report that an American firm had obtained a concession for exploiting the waters of Lake Tsana in Abyssinia gave rise to very unusual excitement in the Foreign Office, for it is over questions such as this that the most bitter political struggles have taken place in the past. It is still not at all clear where rumour ends and reality begins, but it is satisfactory that the Abyssinian envoy to the United States declares the idea of trying to put the scheme through without British agreement had never entered his mind. One of the main objections always made in Addis Abbeba to the construction of a dam to regulate the waters of the Blue Nile has been that the level of the lake would rise and would flood Abyssinian holy places on the islands. It is difficult to see how these temples would be less affected by an American-built dam than by a British one, but, on the other hand, it is perfectly obvious that a question so intimately affecting two States can best be settled without the intervention, be it purely commercial, of a third party.

It may be argued that, as long as the dam is built, the British Government have no right to worry about who is building it. The Emperor Menelik in 1902 as good as promised the concession to the British, and, in any case, it could not be granted to anybody else without British consent. The trouble is that a question which is fundamentally an economic one has too often been treated from the political point of view. While Abyssinia is frightened of economic penetration by a powerful neighbour, Great Britain only wishes to safeguard Egypt and the Sudan from unfair exploitation of the Nile. No country has the right to interfere with a waterway passing through several States without first obtaining their consent, and, indeed, the League of Nations has drawn up a Convention to emphasize this point. If we cannot reach speedy agreement with Abyssinia, an International River Commission, representing Great Britain, Egypt, the Sudan and Abyssinia, might pave the way towards agreement. Meanwhile, it is interesting to see that the Egyptians, who have so often treated us as enemies, are now turning towards us as their friends and protectors.

NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES *Heed the Scientists' warning
and instal* Remington-Noiseless
Call up the nearest
Remington Office for help

TYPEWRITERS

The Government have shown wisdom and courage in deciding on the composition of the statutory Commission which is to inquire into the problems of the Indian Constitution. We have repeatedly protested against the vicious doctrine that such Commissions ought to be representative of the disputants; they ought to be impartial, and the advocacy of causes ought to be left to the witnesses summoned before them. In composing the Indian Commission wholly of members of the two Houses the Government have indeed given an opening for complaint that India is denied a place on a body inquiring into matters of vital concern to her; but by means of the Select Committees of the Indian legislatures, which are to work with the Commission, ample opportunity is given for expression of Indian opinion. That the Commission will be boycotted by certain extremists is probable, but we are confident that it will secure the co-operation of a majority of moderate Indian politicians. Our chief fear is that, when it comes to report, it may shrink from setting down the whole truth about the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, may feel that, Great Britain being inextricably committed to the experiment, a good face had better be put on a sorry business.

The Minister of Labour, in his speech on the Unemployment Insurance Bill, exhibited an odd combination of hopefulness in describing the general industrial situation and pessimism in dealing with the finance of the scheme. A measure of this kind has long been due. Unemployment insurance broke down in 1920-21, and has since been propped up by uncovenanted benefit. Insurance and charity being a thoroughly unsatisfactory blend, the Blanesburgh Committee was appointed to clear up the confusion. But the present Bill, though it follows the principles of the Blanesburgh report, stops short of reducing contributions. This may be prudent; the Insurance Fund is $22\frac{1}{2}$ millions in debt, and had the reduced scale been in force last year the debt would now be 25 millions. But the Bill seems to inspire little enthusiasm in the Minister himself, and mere Socialistic objections apart, it exposes the Government to the charge pressed by Captain Macmillan—that the Bill is not comprehensive enough and not imaginative enough. Certainly it provides no answer to the question, Who is to support the able-bodied unemployed disqualified from benefit? Captain Macmillan's speech deserves study. We hope he will elaborate his suggestions.

Depression in the coal trade is acute. At the end of last month 233,691 miners were unemployed. This is a serious position, even allowing for the fact, which is one of the prime causes of trouble in the industry, that there are more miners than can economically be employed in the mines even in normal conditions. The slump has set all sorts of persons busy devising remedies. Lord Beaverbrook is pressing for a "Hundred Per Cent. Trustification" scheme, but the owners, so far, will not hear of it. They are said to have approached the Government with the object of arranging a conference at which measures to meet the situation can be discussed. In view of the

owners' constantly reiterated demand during the coal dispute last year that the Government should keep out of the way and let the industry settle its own problems, this approach has its comic side. Meanwhile the South Wales coalfields are arranging a local trust scheme of their own, which has driven Lord Beaverbrook into a rage, for no very obvious reason. Whether it is anger or not that has made him incoherent, at all events the arguments he brings forward to prove that the local trust scheme is the negation of his own hundred per cent. trust scheme are frankly incomprehensible.

The *Morning Post* has been doing useful work in a series of articles on the vast fund controlled by Mr. Lloyd George. It has marshalled a great many facts, most of them familiar to students of the greatest political scandal of our time, but its labours have not resulted in the clearing up of the central mystery, which perhaps even Mr. Lloyd George himself cannot dissipate. There is abundant evidence that persons closely associated with Mr. Lloyd George believed he was getting his millions conditionally, for a fight against Socialism; there is equally authoritative evidence that he got the money unconditionally. May we suggest the possibility that even Mr. Lloyd George was not quite sure throughout about the secondary purposes of the fund, the primary object, of course, being his promotion to an affluence enabling him to buy as much of the Liberal Party as might be for sale?

The effects of the failure of the Three-Power Naval Conference of last summer are already unpleasantly obvious. President Coolidge himself is genuinely anxious to save money on the American navy, but even he has sanctioned an addition of £8,000,000 to last year's naval budget, most of which is to be devoted to new cruiser construction. Once Congress takes things into its own hands, there is no knowing where it may stop. The "Big Navy" party has drawn up a programme covering five years and calling for the building of six cruisers each year at a total cost of £66,000,000. If only half this programme is sanctioned, the danger of a new naval race, coupled with a nation-wide campaign of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, such as that fathered by "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago, will be almost unavoidable. Clearly the proposal for a new meeting to obviate this sort of folly could not come from the United States.

The worst of politicians and economic experts is that they so seldom take human nature into account. As the Dawes Report left indefinite the period over which the Germans have to make reparation payments, they can hardly be blamed for trying to wriggle out of their responsibilities. The memorandum of Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, shows clearly how extravagantly Berlin has borrowed money from abroad—far more, indeed, than she has paid to the ex-Allied Powers—for expenditure on a scale which few countries except the United States can now afford. There is a natural desire to make Germany strong and prosperous to-day, because what lies in store for to-morrow is still

uncertain, but this lavishness will sap the confidence of Wall Street and the City in German financial stability, and may lead to serious reaction. The Dawes scheme will break down owing to the inability of the ex-Allies to arrange for the transfer of payments from Berlin, and it is folly on the part of the Germans to take upon themselves the responsibility for a failure which, with a little patience, they might so easily put on to the shoulders of others.

It is a little comical to find a man like Mr. Lloyd George, who has so often posed as the saviour of Europe and until recently vaunted his own Peace Treaty, virulently attacking Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Aldwych Club for his adoration of Locarno. The onslaught, if insincere, has considerable foundation in fact, for unless the agreements drawn up at Locarno were intended to be merely a step on the road towards organized peace, and not an end in themselves—as Sir Austen now appears to believe—they are a danger rather than a safeguard to this country, since they emphasize our military obligations in one part of Europe without doing anything to lessen the danger of war elsewhere. While the British Government refuse to accept compulsory arbitration as a substitute for war and allow themselves to be looked upon as the leaders of an anti-Russian block, Locarno will have very little value in the minds of any one except Sir Austen himself, for there is probably no other country which suffers so directly as ours from war in any part of the world, and it is time we were doing something to forestall hostilities.

The news that France and Jugoslavia are about to sign their long-postponed treaty of friendship is thoroughly bad. Such a treaty only remotely resembles the bi-lateral treaties of Locarno. In its way it is just as dangerous as Italy's treaty of last year with Albania, to which, of course, it is a reply. Had Italy not known that Paris was negotiating a treaty with Belgrade, the Treaty of Tirana would never have come into existence, and had the Treaty of Tirana not been signed, the treaty between France and Jugoslavia would probably have been shelved. In such circumstances it is nonsense to talk of the Franco-Jugoslav agreement as being "defensive," since its main result will undoubtedly be to increase the rivalry between Paris and Rome. The status of Tangier, the treatment of Italians in Tunis and Algiers, and now the fact that the two countries have so definitely taken sides in the Jugoslav-Albanian dispute, all make friendly relations between France and Italy at least as difficult to attain as between France and Germany.

In the neighbourhood of Peking, General Chang Tso-lin gains ground one day and loses it the next, and even in the South the hope of the establishment of a government with which the Western Powers could negotiate seems to be as remote as ever. Since Chiang Kai-shek withdrew from the limelight with all the money he could lay hands on, rival governments in Hankow and Nanking have been carrying on sporadic warfare. Now a new leader, General Wang Ching-wei,

whose chief distinction is that he organized the anti-British boycott, has formed a government at Canton, and hopes to clear out rival Kuomintang factions from Nanking and Hankow. Thus the unfortunate British taxpayer will be compelled to maintain a strong force for the protection of Shanghai for many months to come, and until all the Foreign Powers combine to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition to China the establishment of a Federation of Chinese States will be awaited in vain.

The editor of Greville, Mr. Wilson, has produced an explanation which explains nothing, and a testimonial to the Royal family which is superfluous. Nothing he says can affect the force of the main indictment against him. It is the duty of any writer editing work that conveys scandal to indicate the amount and nature of the evidence confirming or refuting his author's allegations. To allow highly offensive and extremely improbable statements to go into currency without any critical reservations, and sometimes in a form so garbled that a charge against one historic personage appears to be a charge against another, is inexcusable. We have nothing to say against the publication, after a reasonable lapse of time, of historical material, however damaging to great reputations; but its editing ought to be entrusted to none but scrupulous scholars, with a special knowledge of the period. Not five per cent. of the readers drawn to the new Greville by its scandalous contents will possess the knowledge to check the rumours and malicious speculations in its pages.

The Glencoe road proposal takes high rank among the exploits of that stupid vandalism which cannot produce even a utilitarian excuse. That it destroys the picturesqueness of the Glen is a detail in the indictment; it damages some of the best crofts and grazing grounds, and thus is of no benefit to the agricultural population; it carefully misses the only hotels in the area, and is thus useless to the tourist; and the mere surveying of it has cost a sum which would have sufficed for the widening and repairing of the old road. Whence came the demand for it, and how is it that half-a-million can be earmarked for such a folly without evoking immediate protest? The requirement that the road should be capable of taking 20-ton lorries seems to indicate birth in the mind of someone who has never visited a mountainous country, and who imagines that pantechnicons career about the Highlands.

We should have thought that the popularization of the car had already been attempted in every hopeful way, but Mr. Ford has produced a new method. It appears that in future in the United States anyone may have the use of a Ford car on payment of about £30 down and about £6 a month for its maintenance. This is not hire-purchase, but rent for use. Whether the scheme will be introduced into this country is not stated. But there are those who desire the use rather than the possession of a car, to whom it is simply a convenience and not a hobby, and these may welcome a scheme which saves them all bother about repairs and general upkeep.

INDUSTRIAL POLICY

IT is one of the paradoxes of our time that the Labour Party, which sees so clearly the criminal folly and futility of war between nations, should contribute so little that is valuable to the cause of industrial peace. Indeed, a considerable section of it deliberately sets itself to inflaming class consciousness and preaching the doctrine of a natural enmity between capital and labour, which can only be solved by a sort of civil war. The extremists who advocate the abolition of armies and navies are often the wildest Jingoes in industrial politics. The greater, therefore, is the necessity that is upon the conservative forces in society of formulating a practical constructive policy of peace between classes.

The problem is difficult, and it is not primarily political, for though Governments can encourage efforts for industrial peace, the initiative must come from within the trades themselves, and cannot be imposed upon them from without. Great, therefore, is the significance of the efforts made by capitalists like Sir Alfred Mond to bring about a new era of peace in industry. His new book, 'Industry and Politics,'* consists largely of reprints of speeches and addresses that he has made at various times on industrial problems, but they gain much in effect by being collected in a single volume. For there is running through them all one idea that is constantly being presented from different angles, and there is a valuable introduction in which a consistent industrial policy is advocated with much eloquence and particular instance. Sir Alfred Mond advocates what he calls an Industrial League of Peace. He points out that the danger is not merely from the great strikes and stoppages, which paralyse the whole life of the community: hardly less damaging to efficiency are the continuous petty frictions from day to day, and the harassing effect of antiquated trade customs.

Sir Alfred Mond is an optimist, and has a boundless faith in the future expansion of industry. While he laments the excessive over-charges that high national and local taxation place on industry, he points out that the best cure is a development of industry that will make them seem small by comparison with the immense increase of wealth that it produces. The debt of a thousand millions, which the Napoleonic wars bequeathed to us, may well have seemed hopeless to a nation of twelve million agriculturists. What made it light was not the efforts of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, but the steam engine and the immense increase of wealth to which it led. This same process has to be repeated now. It is to the chemist, the physicist, the biologist, and the engineer that we must look to recreate our economic conditions. The true way of paying our debts is not so much by cutting expenses as by increasing our income. To resist or to ignore this truth is a species of "defeatism." Politicians may redistribute existing wealth, but only science and the willing co-operation of workers can make

new wealth. The optimism of Sir Alfred Mond, his faith in new and better organization, and his appreciation of the immense value of the still undeveloped resources of the Empire make his new book very stimulating reading.

But he realizes that the prime condition of the new industrial developments which will make new wealth and restore the ravages of the war is industrial peace. Without that the way of progress is barred. He justly observes that the distinction between employers and employed is obsolete. We are all employees now, masters perhaps most of all. And, he would add, as the corollary which gives the key to his ideas, we should all equally be employers. He sees the only hope in breaking down the distinction between capital and labour, and converting every workman into a capitalist, or at any rate giving him the power to become one. He is a strong advocate of schemes of profit-sharing. Every industry must work out the scheme that suits it best, and there will be variations even between different concerns in the same industry, but the object will be the same in all—to give every workman a direct interest in the efficiency of his work, and in the expansion of the business with which he is connected.

He gives some remarkable figures of the effect on output of such schemes. Messrs. Beardmore have in operation a system under which rapid workers are paid a premium on the hourly wage proportionate to the time saved on the standard time allotted to a particular job. The increase of output amounted in one department to no less than 260 per cent. In another section work which took 19.5 hours on time payment, took 10.5 hours on the premium system; in all sections there is a substantial increase in output. Perhaps it is not a too sanguine estimate that an average increase in output amounting to 50 per cent. might be expected over industries as a whole, if the workers had a direct financial interest in the efficiency of his work and of the organization of his trade.

Sir Alfred Mond does not discuss the practical means by which experiments of this kind which now are exceptional might become the rule in industry. Of all the others, that of the trade union bodies would be incomparably the most valuable, and it is they who must first be converted. The greater is the pity that so many of them are tied to political theories which postulate a permanent decision of industry between capital and labour, whereas it is the whole object of this scheme to get rid of that decision. The conversion of employers to such a scheme would be a much easier matter, and though the Government cannot initiate them it has in its hand an immense power to encourage them. To the extent to which profits were divided among workers, concerns would become co-operative, and the exemption of co-operative concerns from income-tax could naturally and fairly be extended to them. Sir Alfred Mond has done great service in laying down the conditions of our future industrial salvation. The country is crying out for big constructive schemes of this kind, and for the leaders of imagination to make an atmosphere favourable to their adoption. It is weary of petty amendments and piecemeal measures.

* 'Industry and Politics.' By Sir Alfred Mond. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

WAR AND PEACE

IT is now nine years since the war ended. During these years the public memory of the war has not sensibly diminished; there has been little falling off either in the homage paid to the dead or in lip service to the duty we owe the living. A people that by the unwonted imaginativeness of their choice of symbolism in the Cenotaph and the Unknown Warrior's Grave showed how deeply their feelings were stirred have since shown by the unfailing homage paid to these symbols that their remembrance of what they stand for is not weakened. It is well that this should be so. But it is well too that we should not allow ourselves to be satisfied with mere sentiment, but should enquire what steps can be taken to give that sentiment practical effect.

It is not less a truth for being a truism that sentiment for the dead is of small account unless accompanied by active and practical regard for the living. We are sure that among the great majority of those who suffered personal loss in the war this fact is recognized and acted on. There is observable, however, a certain tendency to turn Armistice Day into a "stunt." This year one London newspaper took Armistice Day under its wing and arranged a giant demonstration. We do not say that this demonstration was unwanted; we do not impute absence of sincerity in its promoters; nor do we deny that it responded to genuine feeling among a considerable section of the populace. What we are bound to say is that a demonstration of this kind goes in some danger of emptiness and hypocrisy. It is worthless to play on the sentiments of bereaved people without some corresponding solicitation for the survivors of the conflict; it is insincere to pretend to great horror of the results of war unless that horror is accompanied by attempts to prevent its causes.

The newspapers of this country have it in their power to shape the public mind towards or away from a repetition of those things which this week we are remembering. Lord Rothermere's newspapers have recently shown an unexpected and exceedingly welcome interest in the cause of disarmament. It is as yet too early to say how far these newspapers are in earnest and to what lengths they are prepared to go in support of their apparent conversion; but the portent is of first-rate interest. The question of disarmament is extremely difficult and not to be settled by a vague appeal to sentiment. The time has come—is overdue—when the subject must be considered quietly and practically by the whole nation. On economic grounds the arguments are very forcible. Somehow or other the national budget must be materially reduced or industry will perish under the weight of taxation; and looking round for the possibilities of effecting such a reduction we are driven back, by consideration of the futility of small nibbles and of the unwise of large-scale curtailments of the social services, on the one remaining quarter in which substantial saving can be effected, namely, the fighting services.

The question can only be usefully examined in a severely practical light. We must look to the enormous sums now being spent by this country every year on the piling up of war weapons, and then look back to 1914, and see to what purpose similar (and incidentally smaller) armaments were then put. We must look abroad to the preparations being made by other nations, particularly to the new programme of naval construction about to be initiated by the United States (details of which we give elsewhere), and ask whether we are likely to be able to compete on equal terms with such preparations, and, even if we are, whether we are not likely to be economically ruined in the process. And, finally, we must ask whether, in the event of our maintaining our place in the armaments race and finally putting our fortunes to the test, the experience of the last war, particularly in its financial and social repercussions, offer us any encouragement to suppose that we are likely to survive—let alone be strengthened by—any future war, even though we were to emerge from it "victorious." In a word, we have to decide whether, not merely on moral and idealistic, but on the strictest economic grounds, war will be anything but ruinous to us. If it will not, then preparations for it are the plainest waste. The question for our people to decide—and they cannot do it easily—is whether the risk of disarming can be taken. We are not ourselves prepared to say that such a risk should be taken; what we do say is that the taking of it should be far more seriously debated than heretofore.

The *Daily Mail* gave prominence on Wednesday to a remarkable speech by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson—remarkable not for any novelty in its statements, but for the fact that they were made by a Field-Marshal :

War [he said] has become . . . a wholly detestable thing, and it is almost, if not quite, as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished. Consequently many people condemn it as a failure, hate the very word "war," and demand all-round measures of disarmament. Other people declare, however, that human nature being what it is war will always be with us, and for it we must always be prepared. Upon which view are we to act? My own opinion is that questions regarding the reduction of armaments require in our case to be treated with the utmost caution. At the same time—and let human nature be as wicked, and vicious, and unstable as it may be—I suggest that every man and woman energetically supports all efforts made for devising some more sensible and humane way of composing international differences than the destructive and futile methods upon which reliance has been hitherto unsuccessfully placed. That is the only conclusion I can reach after a military career covering . . . a period of exactly fifty years. . . . I therefore give the result of my experiences for what it may be worth. *It is at any rate more in accordance with prevailing sentiment and the financial conditions than out-of-date platitudes urging the necessity of maintaining strong fighting forces.*

That is the whole point, and it is amazing that it should be left to a leader of the Army to make it. Long habit has taught us to regard armaments unquestioningly as essential to the safety of the nation. We must begin to think over the whole problem afresh. If the newspapers of the country, which have paid such passionate tributes to the dead this week, will devote equal energies to a matter-of-fact elucidation of this problem and the education of public opinion upon it, then they will be using their great powers and responsibilities in the best of all possible ways, and they may go far towards preventing any necessity for celebrating another Armistice Day, burdened with worse memories, in years to come.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE curtain has gone up again, revealing to the uninterested spectators all the familiar figures in very much the same positions that they were occupying when it fell on them at the end of July. If it be the main object of Conservatism, as some Conservatives fondly believe, to maintain everything in a state of petrified preservation, the Government may claim to have been eminently successful in applying this policy to their own front bench. Despite rumours of reconstruction, the view has finally triumphed that every one of His Majesty's Ministers is the ideal occupant of his present position, and that not one of them can be spared even for the important task of settling the future fate of our Indian Empire.

* * *

Faced with the tremendous task, inconsiderately imposed upon them by Viscount Cecil, of actually making a new appointment, the Government have got out of the difficulty by the simplest method—promotion according to seniority. And as even this procedure must produce a gap at the bottom of the ladder, they still hesitated as to whether they should take the drastic step of elevating from the ranks one of their numerous supporters, or whether it would not prove simpler to abolish the Department. They have at last made up their minds to take the plunge, and Captain Hacking has been promoted.

* * *

The House of Commons, as a whole, will regret the loss of Mr. Ronald McNeill, and the Government may live to rue it. Few members of the House are more generally popular, and few occupants of the Front Bench so invariably successful, either in stating a case or in answering opposition. Had Mr. McNeill come earlier into politics, there is no reason why he should not have reached the summit of what Disraeli called the greasy pole. During the Budget debates last summer he not only proved himself an invaluable lieutenant to Mr. Churchill, but also, on occasions, scored successes even greater than those of his leader. There can be no higher praise, for Mr. Churchill remains the outstanding figure of the present House of Commons. Mr. McNeill will take with him to the House of Lords the good wishes of his colleagues, from the Clydesiders to the Die Hards, and he will bring dignity as well as eloquence to the most dignified assembly in the world.

* * *

The first days of the new session have been dull, nor is there much prospect of more lively entertainment before Christmas. Mr. Kirkwood tried valiantly to put some life into question-time on the first day, but the House is beginning to yawn at Mr. Kirkwood. Comedians have their day, the reign of a clown is as brief as that of a beauty—a tragic fact that was recently exemplified by the melancholy end of Marceline.

* * *

The Labour Party is certainly kinder to its back benchers than are the Government. Kindness is indeed the only quality upon which it can be congratulated in having selected Mr. Heyday and the Reverend Campbell Stephen to open the attack upon the Unemployment Insurance Bill. Mr. Heyday has a

powerful voice, and he is not ashamed to use it. Mr. Stephen is not the most popular of the Clydesiders. He speaks as though he were labouring under a sense of personal grievance, and strikes a monotonous note of resentment which is both wearisome and irritating. He has neither the charm of Mr. Maxton, the eloquence of Mr. Buchanan, the logical clarity of Mr. Tom Johnston nor the ability of Mr. Wheatley, but one imagines that whenever any of his colleagues feel the wells of class hatred drying up within them they can always turn to him for fresh and inexhaustible supplies.

* * *

The names of the Parliamentary Commission which is to inquire into the working of the reforms in India are not impressive. One of our greatest living Parliamentarians is alleged to have described Sir John Simon as being a very great man on a small point and a very small man on a great subject. The description was perhaps a harsh one, but it is certainly questionable whether legal training is the best preparation for the study of vast imperial questions of administration, and it seems a pity that the Commission—if it was impossible to make it more distinguished—should not have been more widely representative. If for reasons of policy it was held unwise to include any natives of India in its composition, might it not have been useful to have added one member from the Dominions? Nothing less than the future of British rule in India rests upon the shoulders of this Commission. Are they sufficiently robust or broad for the burden?

FIRST CITIZEN

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, November 7, 1927

OXFORD Sport, like British Trade, is always just going to revive, but it never does. The tired faculty of hope never rests long without a fresh stimulation. The victory over the Waratahs has been followed by two extraordinary mixtures of brilliance and incompetence. In other directions there is some prospect of improvement, but hardly of renaissance, and it is important to realize that although the position is now being taken much more seriously from above the average undergraduate does not take it seriously at all. His attitude is that Cambridge is less a University than a glorified public school with so naive and narrowly concentrated a cult of athletics that no civilized person can compete with it, any more than a nation which treats golf and tennis in the spirit of a game can match the diabolically efficient foreigner. In this atmosphere the thorough-going athlete must feel out of place—an anachronism almost, like Dick Turpin or Sir Galahad not knowing what to do in a world that will not take them seriously. Here is the subtle psychological factor which the London penny Press calls effeminacy; plainly it faces the alleged spirit of Cambridge on the same hopeless terms as the Cavaliers faced the New Model.

There is much to be said for the point of view, and so unexpected a person as the captain of the Cambridge XV gave a warning to the same effect at the Cambridge Union last week. But it is one thing to lose interest in games-worship as an outgrown stage of development, superseded by more vital claims, and quite another to fall away out of mere slackness, because the physical demands imposed by competition

are too severe. Since men who habitually represent their colleges in any form of sport are now certainly a minority, and sometimes a very small minority, we might safely assume that Oxford is following one of these two courses, but the question is, which? A partisan of games would probably say slackness, and might find a good deal of evidence to back his case. But so far as such generalized comparisons can fairly be applied Oxford is not slack. It may be harder to raise slaves for the oar than at Cambridge, but it is far easier to raise recruits for schemes of research on such lines as archaeological excavation, which promise hard work and the possible advancement of some intelligent purpose. In spite of early hours and of widespread distaste for anything that looks like militarism the O.T.C. is strong and voraciously keen. There is, in fact, a definite turning from the unreal artificial struggle of athletics towards fields which an American might describe as "real-life endeavour." This also is perhaps a minority tendency, and is at any rate quite undeveloped yet; the mass of the 1927 undergraduates are sound, normal, undistinguished people, uniform, and a little anxious to please, moral without talking about it, who hardly ever lose their tempers, get drunk, or exhibit strong enthusiasm, and want a religion badly but cannot find one. (Of course this is a very general sketch; undeniably, for example, there are few towns where so many men are seen drunk, but they may truthfully be called a noisy minority.)

No responsible observer would be likely to argue that Oxford is passing through anything but an eclipse of brilliance, and almost of promise too; future great leaders or the embryos of first-rate minds are not conspicuous. Worse, there is a tinge of defeatism, which showed itself strongly in the first Union debate of this term; a disposition to accept it as a fact that America has beaten us at our own game and that we must resign ourselves to the inevitable; a profound distrust of the Capitalist system accompanied not by hot revolutionary ideas but by a clammy conviction that although it is inefficient, unfair, and the promise of its improvement a chimera, we must accept things as they are and go on taking our places in the world without hoping either to improve the present order or to supersede it. That is not, perhaps, a very widespread attitude, nor a deliberately formulated one, but it is there, and it is not challenged, but taken for granted as a natural assumption. There is no real tension between extremes—much less than in the outer world at any rate. It is an almost uniform uneventful procession along the *via media*.

Yet with much to justify despondency, despondency is not the outcome. However little definite promise there may be, the potentialities are encouraging. When things settle down enough to allow a new world-mind to start crystallizing, like the mind of the eighteenth century or the Darwinian age, there will be congenial soil for it at Oxford. Until values are stabilized again, universities, which depend on stability for their chief function, are more or less impotent. The present Oxford generation knows enough to know that it cannot presume to be certain about anything, and it is this, not degeneracy, which paralyses the development of any direction or depth of purpose. It is partly on this account that while the Oxford life has lost nothing in pleasantness there is little wish to prolong it; everyone is anxious to get through and plunge into the fray. While some authorities deplore the overcrowding of the University, others are constantly and vainly trying to induce men to stay up for four years instead of three; even in Balliol this problem of quick turnover is acute. On the other hand there is a small class which lingers on, taking diplomas in anthropology, geography, education, or anything else that offers to kill time while waiting for appointments.

The fanfares of the Oxford Preservation Trust have died away, and further comment will hardly be called

for until its deeds, or the lack of them, have become apparent. Sir Michael Sadler's second letter (published in this REVIEW last week) is so disarming that I must accept his change of attitude without inquiring too closely whether the vulnerable early standpoint was due to failure to realize the existing powers (and therefore the responsibilities) of the Corporation, or merely to an unfortunate choice of emphasis. Most certainly there is room for a body to advise the City Council and keep it up to the mark on questions of amenities, although, as Sir Michael Sadler recognizes, such a body already exists (in theory at least) under the Act. But one point in an otherwise unimpeachable statement needs challenging, especially since there is complete disagreement upon it among the spokesmen of the Trust. Why should we have to contemplate an Oxford of 150,000 inhabitants? The Master of University belongs to a generation used to automatic growth; perhaps he does not realize that the population of this country is rapidly becoming stationary, and has at most thirty years of petty increase before it as things are going, followed not improbably by an actual shrinkage. The concurrent expansion of towns is a thing of the past; future civic growth will be at the expense of neighbours. Why should Oxford swamp herself with nearly 100,000 extra inhabitants lured from Coventry? Has the Trust calculated how deep they will bury Oxford at the modern prescribed density of twelve houses to the acre? Such opinions in those who constitute themselves the watchdogs of Oxford's inheritance may well give cause for mistrust. If they can secure a proper town-planning scheme and whip up public opinion to see that it is honestly carried out, they will do more than any Million Fund could with things drifting on uncontrolled. The Corporation (with the honourable exception of the Mayor) is afraid of the vested interests of builders, tradesmen, and industrialists; until it can be made even more afraid of the jealous guardians of what Oxford stands for the devastation will not cease.

GLADSTONE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

BY A. A. B.

MACAULAY in 1839 and Bagehot in 1860, while appreciating Gladstone's eloquence and earnestness, could not suppress their anxiety as to his future. Both saw, the first at the beginning and the second in the middle of his career, how almost certainly before he had done Gladstone would earn the application of Dryden's lines on Shaftesbury:

Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.

They are withering lines, but in the course of his long career Gladstone deserved every word of them. Mr. Osbert Burdett* has the advantage of being able to look at that career steadily and as a whole. He has placed the statesman, still regarded by many as the greatest of the nineteenth century, under a lens of unusual power, and he finds little but a beautiful voice and an inexhaustible vitality.

And that is all there is to be found. I wish that I had come across some of Mr. Osbert Burdett's work before, because as a critic he seems to have the root of the matter in him. Of our younger writers (I assume he is in that class) Mr. Burdett strikes me as one of the very few who meet Matthew Arnold's definition of the qualities of a real critic, disinterestedness and justness or balance of mind. No better proof of this can be given than my ignorance of his politics after reading his book. I wish we had more of this scientific criticism, ruthless but just, applied to our

* "W. E. Gladstone." By Osbert Burdett. Constable. 12s. 6d.

current literature. Not that it could stem the tide of rubbish: but it might keep some of us out of its way.

Disraeli said of Peel, not behind his back but to his face, that his life had been "one vast appropriation clause." Gladstone was Peel's pupil and *protégé*. The birth and education of the two were the same. Both were the sons of Lancashire commercial men, and the one from Harrow and the other from Eton proceeded to Christ Church. Gladstone's power of speech and exuberant energy were greater than Peel's; and Peel, though a religious man, had none of Gladstone's overflowing piety. Morally and mentally Gladstone was an intensified Peel.

Gladstone had no principle except what is vulgarly called "going with the times," and he was quite humble, if not always intelligible, about it. When he found that his theory of Church and State would not go down, he discarded it at once; in Mr. Burdett's delicious phrase, "it was part of his humility not to be the last upholder of a losing cause." I noticed something of this humility in the House of Commons. Under Lord Randolph Churchill's most outrageous attacks Gladstone would assume the expression of sad but merited suffering. Towards Mr. Louis Jennings, who had written a malicious book about him, Gladstone always behaved with ostentatious courtesy, as who should say, "I deserve your blows and worse." If he was like this in public, his letters and diaries discover more severe self-depreciation, which was genuine.

Gladstone's life was one vast appropriation clause because he had no confidence himself, no inner light, as he called it. It was not that this self-torturing sophist failed to find the inner light; it was not there; as the cold dissector observes more than once, there was nothing but the unquenchable energy and the melodious vocal chords. Socrates had his *daimon*, and Gladstone had his, referred to as God, Providence, the Almighty. "Providence directed that my mind should find its food in other pastures than those in which my youthfulness would have loved to seek it." This sentence, quoted by Mr. Burdett from Gladstone's reason for not taking Holy Orders, supplies the *leit-motif* of his whole life. With many variants, the most sudden and apparently shameless changes of policy and party were directed from on high, the instructions of an omniscient power, of whom the statesman was the unworthy but selected instrument. Not only Gladstone but all his family and relations used this language, so that criticism became blasphemy. Apart from the alarm caused by his policy, much of the anger felt by opponents was due to this attempt to cover his deeds by divine sanction. Labouchere was not the only one to feel annoyed by the Grand Old Man's assurance that God Almighty put the aces up his sleeve.

As a biographical essayist Mr. Burdett belongs to the school of Mr. Lytton Strachey and M. André Maurois. He does not weary his readers with a detailed chronological account of politics, and there are here only one or two short quotations from speeches. The politics are used as the illustration of the analysis of character. It is not difficult to prove that Gladstone took everything from his age and gave it nothing back. He entered Parliament in 1832 as a Tory Protectionist. In 1845 he became a Conservative Free Trader and voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws. For the next thirteen years (1846-59) he hovered between the two parties as a Peelite, accepting the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in '52 from Lord Aberdeen, a Tory. In 1859 he voted in favour of Lord Derby's Government, and three weeks later took office under Lord Palmerston. After Palmerston's death he became Prime Minister, and, "unmuzzled," disestablished the Irish Church, and began his attack on landlords. Freed from the restraint of Oxford and

Palmerston, he started his final phase as a demagogue, and the setter of the masses against the classes. It is evidence of Mr. Burdett's detachment and political insight that he defends Gladstone most sympathetically for the last act in the drama, the crowning infamy, as Tories regarded it. Up to December, 1885, Gladstone had given no hint that his mind on the subject of the legislative union of Ireland and Britain was different from that of every other English politician. But the memory of his master, Peel, was strong upon him. Without consulting anybody he resolved to repeal the Union, just as Peel, without consulting anyone, repealed the Corn Laws. But the result was different. Peel lost his party but carried his measure, Gladstone lost both his party and his measure.

THE BOOKS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE other day I was occupying myself in reading Calvin's 'Institute' (which you may also call if you like "Institutes"). I do not know whether many other people have acquainted themselves with this book. I had to turn to it in the course of my trade. It is not very interesting. But upon one thing everyone seems to be agreed, which is, that it was of sudden and vast effect.

Now I could not help wondering as I read whether this universal verdict were right or no. I do not say I have come to a conclusion on the matter, for I have not. I hold my judgment in suspense: yet I incline to doubt more and more, was there a true relation of cause and effect between the publication of this book and the organization everywhere within ten years of a solid structure combating the old religion and setting up in Europe a new kind of church with its own new organization, its own new doctrine, discipline, and all the rest of it?

At first sight the question seems a foolish one. There is no doubt that before the book appeared no such organization, no such body or church, was anywhere discoverable. There is no doubt that within a few years of the book's appearance such a body was discoverable spread everywhere throughout the West, and giving that tone to the Reformation which has lasted for nearly four hundred years. Nor is there any doubt that you will find the main lines, at least, of this great change in Calvin's book. But I note that the effect is out of all proportion to the cause. It is this which makes me hesitate. I can see no reason why any man reading the 'Institute' should suddenly be struck with fervour for the new scheme, and I could not help wondering whether there were not some common cause behind the book and the political fact which followed.

It is an obvious truism that no book will be of effect unless it finds a receptive medium. It would be no good trying the 'Pilgrim's Progress' on in County Clare, nor would the 'Pleasant Sunday Afternoon' have much truck with Corneille. If that book which put most clearly what it wanted to say, and was followed by a most prodigious sequel and seeming consequence (I mean Rousseau's 'Contrat

Social,') had had no one to appeal to but an audience of retired professional politicians, all rich, they might have got fun out of it, but certainly not conviction. There was lying ready for Calvin's book a fervent mass of protest, which wanted to be told of some way out, whereby they could get rid of the old without destroying society. But why *that* way out? And how can we believe that the mere statement in the book of a certain scheme of things, put without fire, lucid, but lacking enthusiasm, would suddenly create the frenzied cavalry charges of the religious wars, the enthusiasts on the Scotch hills, and the formidable vision of Geneva?

It may be argued that these books, which look as though they change the world, are themselves much more effects than causes. Indeed, we know that many of these great changes have come with no book at all to herald them, though few have come without some book to summarize them sooner or later. It would seem as though the great movement in history arose like the sudden waves heaving out of the deep sea in calm weather, and rolling forth incomprehensibly under no wind. The emotion once produced may or may not make a book, may or may not create an organism. But can we give to these most famous books, these books which are immediately followed by tremendous things, the name of causes? Are those men justified who regret that they were born too late to have written the Koran? Or again, would it have been enough to write the book? Is it the genius of a man shining through the book which produces the result, or is it rather that the book coincides with a great happening in the mind of man, so that the author, of whatever genius, is but the instrument of this mood?

Supposing this doubt to be resolved in the affirmative: supposing we were to come to the conclusion that the book did not indeed produce the thing, and that the mighty effects of Calvinism, of the Republic, of modern Collectivism, did not spring from the 'Institute,' from the 'Contrat,' from that abominably boring, endless haystack, Marx's 'Kapital'? Are we then to conclude that no books are of such effect? Must we condemn to despair those thousands of young ambitious men dying to change the world by the typewritten word, and those myriads and myriads of rather more elderly women engaged in the same task? God forbid! There is, I fancy, a kind of book which certainly influences the world directly and, it may be truly said, has an original cause to the effect it creates. It is not the book which merely expresses what its audience was already feeling in a confused fashion, nor the book which fires enthusiasm by rhetoric; but the book which tells clearly the discovery of some truth, with the evidence for the same. That, as it seems to me, is quite certainly a point of departure; of such books you can say, "This made all the difference"—when you find them out! But remember that the greater part of them remain unknown. There are some very famous, of which the most famous, and the most deservedly famous, is Descartes's Discourse on Method. There is the 'Principia' of Newton. But I believe there to be a great

number which have such particular effect and remain known to but a few. I notice sometimes, in the life around me, that men begin talking more and more in terms of this or that, which had been unfamiliar to them thirty years ago, and that the way in which they handle the thing distinctly points to some obscure book written for a few hundred readers, most of whom will forget where they read, and many of them soon convinced that the ideas were original to themselves.

Of what book, for instance, can you say that it was the origin in the modern world of our present attitude towards physical science? (By which phrase I do not mean our present attitude towards the body of ascertained and proved fact in physical science, but our attitude towards that old-fashioned mode of thought which we associate with the discredited word "scientist.") Will you find me the book which started the ball rolling of that mood whereby that curious smile lights up on the face of men when they hear such words as "ether," "natural selection," or still worse "the crust of the earth." (Here I must admit in fairness that the latter is only a survival: still, even I can remember the time when the Molten Interior, with a thin crust outside, was dogma.) Or again, who started that revival of Thomism which, though it has had no effect here as yet, is so increasingly marked upon the continent of Europe? There have been many books on that line. I doubt whether you will find one which you can point to as the origin.

In this same connexion let me conclude with a consoling thought. The epoch-making works of our own time are worth nothing. Is it not a pure joy to remember this? Every year for twenty years past or more there has appeared at least one book, and usually half a dozen, announced not only by their publishers and through advertisement, nor only by the poor devils of reviewers, as changing the whole spirit of man: upon War, upon Theology, upon History. Their fame lasts, when they are very great, for three months; when they are of a lesser rank, for ten days. And the modern world goes on in its bumping rut downhill. Nor do any of these books have any enduring effect.

Lord! What a regiment we have had of them! The book before the war to show that modern war was impossible, because it would cost so much; the book after the war that showed how paying enormous tribute to a foreign nation ruined that nation and enriched yourself; the book showing that you couldn't fly through the air or if you did it was a waste of time; the book showing that flying through the air was the key to all victory, wealth, happiness and repose; the book showing that fleets could never hold the narrow seas; the book showing that they were more triumphant than ever in the narrow seas; the book opening the glorious future of man; the book which showed clearly that the world had long ago cut its own throat.

And my delight is that they are still going on! Why, it was only this morning that I came across yet another book; this time upon the revelations of the Great Pyramid.

IN BARSETSHIRE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

ALMOST every night for the last few weeks I have taken a little holiday. When I have gone to bed I have also gone to Barsetshire. There are a good many actual counties about which I know less than I do about this Barset. Huntingdon, Bedford and Hereford are not so real to me. How could they be? I do not visit them every night just before I go to sleep and am hardly ever told what is going on there. But I know what is happening in Barset. Let me give you the news. Mr. Harding has left Hiram's Hospital; Proudie is Bishop and Arabin is now Dean; Mary Thorne has come into a fortune and married Frank Gresham; Lucy Robartes is now Lady Lufton and very handsome she looks; Lily Dale has refused Johnny Eames, who is doing so well up in London; poor Mr. Crawley has been accused of stealing a cheque for twenty pounds and Archdeacon Grantly is worried about the Plumstead foxes.

So you see—if you are sensible enough to be a fellow student of Trollope—that I am now deep in the 'Last Chronicle' again, and that Mrs. Proudie is about to be killed off at any moment. If Trollope had not overheard that fellow at his club declaring that he was sick and tired of Mrs. Proudie, he would never have killed her off as he did, and we might have had half-a-dozen more stories of Barset and all the folk we have come to know so well. Confound that wretched clubman! Mrs. Proudie was worth ten of him. Why couldn't somebody have killed *him* off? If he didn't like to read about Mrs. Proudie, there was nothing to prevent him from leaving Trollope alone. People overlook this little fact when they take up such a hoity-toity attitude about books. There is no law compelling you to read books you dislike, so why not pass on to what you do like, without making a fuss? I trust there is some bookless inferno set apart for these spoilers and interrupters of literature, for persons from Porlock and clubmen who are bored by Mrs. Proudie.

Barset is a capital place to end the day in because it is so different from the rest of the world we know. It is indeed a haven of rest. True, there are many things not found there that are good in themselves. Thus there is no poetry in Barset; no light that never was on land or sea; no golden romantic haze, such as you may discover, any early morning in spring, transfiguring the meadows and streams near Richard Feverel's home. Barset is a place without *atmosphere*. Sun, moon, and stars there are merely astronomical terms. If you tried to tell the people of Barchester about Moby Dick, they would have you locked up. I was about to say that Don Quixote would have been given only half-an-hour in which to leave the city, but then I remember our old friend, Mr. Harding, who, I will swear, would have taken Don Quixote under his roof and, no doubt, would have played the 'cello to him.

Just as there is no poetry, so too there are no high spirits, none of those colossal absurdities

that are so much larger than life that they are really poetical, being evidences not of what life is but of what it ought to be. Mr. Micawber can find his way to Canterbury, but you may be sure that he could never find his way to Barchester, which has neither corn nor coals for him; there is no clerkship awaiting Dick Swiveller there and no nursing, either by day or night, that could possibly fall into the grasp of Mrs. Gamp. I do not mean to say that there is no fun, for there is plenty of that—think of the Stanhopes (who might have come straight out of the Chelsea fiction of our time) at the Proudie's party—but there is certainly no enchanting idiocy, there are no divinely daft characters. These can only exist in a rich atmosphere, full of haze and sudden gleams from some far-away strange sun.

On the other hand, though, there are no nerves, no obsessions, no unconscious minds, in Barset. (Mr. Crawley, who seems to have stalked in from another world, is the exception.) It is a great relief to spend some time in the company of characters who know what they are doing, who have set their minds on marrying the prettiest girl in the village, or on having five hundred a year, and do not drearily chatter their lives away. That the county has very few ideas, I will freely confess. Though the foreground is black with clergymen, there is precious little religion in Barset. Mr. Crawley is the only one who continually bothers about God, and he is obviously an odd fish and only escapes not being a gentleman by the skin of his teeth. And although we hear a certain amount of talk about politics and even assist at an election or two, the politics are not very real, merely a matter of being for or against the Duke of Omnium, of red posters and blue posters.

Music and pictures and books are mentioned too, but it is obvious that nobody in Barset really cares a fig about art. A man who talked aesthetics there would soon find himself dining at home every night. No, Barset does not trouble itself with any concern for ideas. It is a place crammed with real things, such as puddings and mortgages and horses and marriage settlements and port. That is one reason—I feel it is an act of treachery even to whisper it, but the truth must be told—why the evenings are so dull here. You must have noticed that. Everyone begins to yawn about half-past nine. Once the children have been seen to bed, the horses stabled, the dinner eaten and the decanter handed round, there is nothing more to do. That is why Mrs. Proudie is such a godsend to the place. She put a stop to the whist that old Bishop Grantly introduced into the Palace itself, but she set going all manner of intrigues that stirred everybody up and made it possible to keep an evening going fairly briskly until half-past ten. She hurled topics for excited talk into the county like bricks into a dull pool. I do not like to think what Barset must have been like between stories, as it were, after the marriage had been made or the preferment, when everybody was supposed to be living happily ever after: It must have been incredibly dull, all perfunctory sermons, puddings and yawns.

That does not matter, however, because we only find our way there when something is happening, not enough to leave us gasping or heart-sick but just enough to make us travel happily from Barchester to Allington, Gresham-bury to Hogglestock, in quest of the latest news. There is a fine balance between excitement and a sense of solid comfort. We feel as if we were spending a week or two with pleasant old friends and had found that they had got up a little scandal or intrigue just to help us to pass the long mornings and evenings. I know no fiction that suggests better than this a comfortable restful holiday. That does not mean that I would like my contemporaries to be Trollopes. If they gave us such a world as we find in Barset, they would be merely faking, making an absurd pretence that a middle-aged Queen Victoria was still on the throne. We are, it seems, all nerves and baffled aspirations, whirling in ideas and drifting in conduct, always talking and thinking about love and finding no place of rest in it, members of a social order that is like a kaleidoscope, so free to do what we please that we do nothing but wonder what is worth doing, so far removed from the people who shaped their lives under certain fixed conditions that we are never sure whether we are lords of destiny or mere gnats in the hour's sunshine; and our novelists must write about us as they find us. In theory, it is such times as these, when everybody is so free, so crammed with ideas, so ready to talk about anything or make any experiment in conduct, that ought to produce the most exciting and gorgeous novels.

But I am beginning to doubt whether actual practice is bearing out the theory. Those people in Barset, so comfortable, so dull, so limited in their ideas, so rigidly fixed in their social life, are better people to read about than those clever fellows and bold girls who drift from studio to night-club, from Oxford to Florence, in the novels that pile up on our tables. "Very clever, very sensitive, prettily done" we murmur after having read a few chapters or so, but we have no objection to leaving these people to chatter away in their own company, and some of us hurry away to Paddington and take the train again to Barchester, to secure a place at the dinner-table of Thorne of Ullathorne or to peep into poor Bishop Proudie's study.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was always hitting nails on the head, banged one of them most happily when he remarked in a letter: "I lay in bed this morning for a little and read Trollope. I'm afraid it's no good anyone telling me that Thackeray is a better novelist than Trollope. . . . Trollope starts off with an ordinary people, that bore you in life and in books, and makes an epic of them because he understands affection, which the others take for granted or are superior about. I wish there were a Trollope movement, it would be so healthy." There—as the preachers used to say—is a thought for the week. In how many recent and much talked of novels is there even a glint of affection? The only thing that puzzles me in this passage of Raleigh's is his lying in bed in the morning reading Trollope. Evening, I am sure, is the proper time, so that you can have a pleasant rendezvous with Sleep in the close at Barchester.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1** The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

ON THE GOTHIC AND OTHER NUISANCES

SIR,—Mr. MacColl's article in your last number must have been intended to provoke criticism: I should myself like to make a few comments, if I may be permitted, on that part of it which deals with the use of the Gothic style in Oxford. His objections to that style, if I understand him rightly, are, chiefly, two: that it is "needlessly expensive," and that it is "gloomy and inconvenient." On the former point I am entirely incompetent to speak: and it may be that this is a valid, and if so a final, argument against the use of the traditional methods of building here. But if this is so, let us be frank about it: let us admit that it renders all other arguments superfluous, or that, if they have any use, it is only to temper our regret for an inevitable deprivation. But until we have had an authoritative pronouncement on this point, the second point is still worth discussion.

I occupy in New College a set of rooms in Garden Quad, which is built in the perfected Classic manner of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. In these rooms the exterior symmetry which that perfected manner demands has produced curious results. My sitting-room, which is large, has only one window, and that faces north. My bedroom, which is small, has three windows, all facing east and commanding a superb view of the garden, which I am only able to enjoy while dressing and undressing. The only room in the set which ever gets any sun is the coal cellar.

Contrast with this that portion of our New Buildings which is locally known as "Pandy," the staircases to the east of the Robinson Tower. In these sets every sitting-room faces south, and receives all the sun that our climate allows: only bedrooms look on Hollywell. It is not easy to imagine rooms that are better arranged, purely from the point of view of convenience. If I admit that in spite of all this I prefer to live in Garden Quad, it is because no one seriously suggests that, aesthetically, "Pandy" can compete with it: but it is not Mr. MacColl who will maintain that beauty is in any way a matter of "styles."

Mr. MacColl's article may elicit a more official reply than this: I was only anxious to illustrate a small point from my own experience.

I am, etc.,

W. G. HAYTER

New College, Oxford

THE PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—May I suggest to your readers the danger which the cause of comprehension and tolerance in the Church of England would incur if the attacks on the proposed revision of the Prayer Book were to succeed? Many people have assumed that Protestantism and the cause of the Reformation are opposed to the Book because Bishop Knox and his friends are Protestants. This is not the case: the New Book has also been steadily opposed by the Anglo-Catholic organization: in fact its enemies are the extremists on both sides. The Liberal Catholics, like Bishop Gore, and the Liberal Evangelicals, like Bishop Burroughs, are supporters of it; and its opponents include most of the extremists and obscurants in the Church.

Indeed, it should be remembered that the proposed new Prayer Book owes its existence to the movement against disorder in the Church, and to a considered attempt to maintain the Reformation settlement. A Royal Commission reported on the matter more than

twenty years ago, and showed that the disorders in the Church could not be remedied while the Prayer Book was unrevised; because everybody was obliged to break the law, the Bishops themselves included. A revision to bring the Prayer Book up to date was therefore called for, and upon its revision the Church Assembly and the Convocation have been at work ever since. They have done their work extraordinarily well, as a student of the subject like myself can testify. The passing of their work in the new Book into law will make it at last possible for every bishop to obey the law himself and to demand obedience from all the clergy. This demand will be accepted by all reasonable men, without any need for compulsion.

The question at issue is really whether the Church of England is to be frozen into a static condition. In the first century of its existence the Prayer Book was revised five times, since 1662 it has not been revised at all.

The whole realm of thought and knowledge has changed within the last three generations; and the opportunity of making the Prayer Book dynamic again now occurs. Of course, every one of us would like some things in which are not there; but modern thought does pervade the new work, and we are no longer required to base marriage upon Moses, to assume that infants are natural objects of God's wrath, or to assign to eternal damnation those who differ about the nice distinctions of the Athanasian Creed. The new Communion Service, about which so much has been said (though no one will be obliged to use it) is, as all liturgiologists would agree, more liberal than the old, and more free from the danger of being mixed up with magic.

In fact, if Parliament passes the Prayer Book the Church of England recovers from the danger of being one of the static churches.

I am, etc.,
King's College, London PERCY DEARMER

REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

SIR,—May I thank Mr. Williams for his courteous and interesting explanation why the Liberal Party appear incapable of having a unanimous opinion on any subject? I regret that I am unable to agree with his diagnosis, because I feel that the absence of any generally accepted principles must be a serious handicap to any political party.

The differences in the Liberal Party are fundamental and of long standing. Every important political event emphasizes their existence. In the critical days of the general strike the conduct of Mr. Lloyd George was such that Lord Oxford and Asquith and many other distinguished Liberal leaders found it impossible to co-operate with him. Even the most enthusiastic supporter of the Liberal Party must have found it impossible to believe that both his principal leaders were in the right.

Since the general strike the funds of Mr. Lloyd George have enabled him to procure a certain unity at Party Headquarters, but this cohesion is due to the cashbox rather than to the conscience. It is a triumph of the purse and not of principles.

Since Mr. Lloyd George has acquired possession of the Liberal Party the most prominent political question has been the Trades Unions Act. On the third reading of this measure:

Five Liberals voted in favour.
Fourteen Liberals voted against.
Seventeen Liberals did not vote.

Is it any wonder that the average elector feels that on any particular political question no one knows what the Liberal Party stands for or what their policy will be?

The talk of a great Liberal revival is the largest practical experiment in Couéism yet attempted.

One is reminded that:

An optimist fell ten storeys;
As he passed each window bar
He shouted to his friends inside,
"All right so far."

At the next election the Liberal Party will come to earth.

I am, etc.,
GORDON C. TOUCHE
7 Richmond Mansions, S.W.5

EX-SERVICE MENTAL CASES

SIR,—On Armistice Day our thoughts were guided to the Cenotaph, where His Majesty the King, the Royal Princes, and the High Officers of State stood to do homage to a million men of our Empire who passed into the life beyond during the terrible conflict between 1914 and 1918.

In thousands of British homes there are to-day ex-Service men suffering loneliness in the agony of long waiting nights, with secret fears hidden even from wives and mothers who knew them when they were stalwart lads before the war. These are the men who, by reason of their nervous disability, are unable to plead for themselves. These are the men that the Ex-Services Welfare Society assists. During the past twelve months over £20,000 has been spent in giving treatment and employment to ex-Service men in the Society's homes, which are named after me, and providing after-care and relief to many others and their families.

Many pitiful stories could be told of the cases received. The Ex-Services Welfare Society is the only organization which deals exclusively with the mentally disabled, whose disability, though not apparent to the human eye, deserves the same consideration as those who are physically afflicted.

The greatest problem in dealing with the after-care of these men, when they have benefited by the treatment, is to find them suitable employment, and in this connexion I am proud to say that the Ex-Services Welfare Society has recently established a really suitable industry at the home at Leatherhead, where those mentally disabled ex-Service men who are unable to take part again in the competitive industrial world are rendered productive and self-supporting on a business basis.

I warmly invite the public to visit these homes, and I trust that this appeal for funds for the Ex-Services Welfare Society, which is registered under the War Charities Act, 1916, and which is run most efficiently and economically, will receive the support of the ever-generous public in Armistice week.

Cheques should be sent to me at this address, and they will be most gratefully acknowledged.

I am, etc.,
FREDERICK MILNER,
President
Ex-Services Welfare Society,
York Mansion,
94 Petty France, Westminster, S.W.1

THE GRAMMAR OF COLLECTIVE NOUNS

SIR,—It is notorious that the art of speaking and writing English is hardly taught in the schools of English-speaking countries, and that, in consequence, grammatical speech and writing are more rare in the "English" countries than they are, perhaps, in any other of the civilized lands in the world.

In particular, it seems that there is much confusion as to the grammatical treatment of collective nouns. It is customary to treat such words as "committee," "crowd," "majority" and a host of others as plurals. So we read that "the Government are considering" an important social position, that "the crowd took the law into *their* own hands," and so on. The Education Department of a County Council is not above saying

that "the Council have received your letter of the 2nd inst." ; and a bank goes further, and says that it "is prepared to act as trustee for the convenience of their customers." A leading newspaper matched this a few days ago with an announcement that "the Printers' Pension Corporation is . . . appealing for £6,000 to enable them . . . to elect 100 printers to their roll of pensioners."

The New Prayer Book, unfortunately, does nothing to remedy the confusion of thought in this matter. Uniformly it treats "the Church" as singular; but, with astonishing inconsistency, it regards the cognate "assembly" as a plural. Most astonishingly, also, it evidently considers that "clergy" is plural. And once the English clergy was the wonder of the world for its scholarship! Possibly it has never occurred to any reporter to say that a meeting was graced by the attendance of "three aristocracy"; but any reporter who now says that "ten clergy and sixteen laity" attended a meeting will find support for his amazing statement in a book which is, in the main, the fruit of the labours of a learned clergy.

Is it possible to hope that we who desire to speak English may have, some day, an Academy which shall be our guide?

I am, etc.,
F. H. J. NEWTON

The Vicarage, Rickmansworth, Herts

[Collective nouns like "Government," "Cabinet," "Corporation," may properly take a plural verb.—Ed. S.R.]

CHARLES KINGSLEY

SIR,—May one who has no pretensions to the critical faculty, but is merely a great lover of books, express his gratitude to the Rev. Norman Rowsell for his interesting letter in defence of Charles Kingsley, in your issue of November 5?

I profoundly agree with every word of that letter, and it is perhaps interesting—as bearing out Mr. Rowsell's contentions—that the very few men I have met who had any intimate connexion with Kingsley—in those far-off Cambridge days in the 'fifties—were among the finest all-round Englishmen I have ever known.

With much of your Reviewer's article all lovers of Kingsley will be compelled to agree. He did attempt too many things; there is an amateurishness in much of his work that is at once detected by the specialist—and he did "kill himself with overwork" at 54. But, granting this, few surely will deny that he worked himself to death in noble causes: that he was not only a particularly great-hearted and chivalrous gentleman, but an author who loved England to the depth of his soul, and who, by his books, has helped many thousands of young Englishmen to love her too. Those who know his 'Letters and Memories' will be aware of the utter humility that was behind Kingsley's vehemence and combative ness, and will perhaps think, as I do, that the man was infinitely finer than any of his books—highly as I think of them.

Possibly the "huge, blundering, male animals" personified by 'Amyas Leigh' may be irritating to those who have overlooked the Hakluyt Records, where Kingsley found them, and who prefer the introspective, neurotic, sex-complex creatures who are typical of so much of modern fiction; but I heartily hope that young England at least will always prefer their 'Amyas Leigh,' despite their faults, and I should not be greatly surprised if your Reviewer hopes so too.

I am, etc.,
HAL H. WILLISCROFT

"Hamwith," Ashby-de-la-Zouch

D. G. ROSSETTI

SIR,—It was with great pleasure that I read the article on Dante Gabriel Rossetti in your "Back Number" series of November 5. Your contributor's reference to the poem, 'Sister Helen'—surely one of the most difficult things to follow in all Rossetti's range, albeit, as your contributor says, "in its own sort unsurpassed"—prompts me to offer the information that this striking poem was parodied by H. D. Traill, and is to be found in his 'Recaptured Rhymes' under the title of 'After Dilettante Concetti,' concluding with a parody of Rossetti's forty-sixth sonnet in the sonnet-sequence, 'The House of Life.' Those of us who love and venerate our Rossetti will, I think, without exception, agree with your contributor that while 'Sister Helen' is a great poem, verse of that sort "is not fully expressive of Rossetti's central interests and impulses."

I am, etc.,
S. MACLEASH

* P's and Q's are held over, owing to lack of space.—ED. S.R.

THE THEATRE

THE MODERN MAID

BY IVOR BROWN

Chance Acquaintance. By John Van Douten. The Criterion Theatre.

The Peaceful Thief. By Audrey Lucas. The Arts Theatre Club. November 6 and 7.

THE popular Press gives the modern young woman very little peace. She appears to intrigue news editors as being one of the major mysteries of a universe which is, providentially, all question-marks. Along with Divinity itself, she shares the privilege of being such stuff as "stunts" are made on. When it is not God, it's girls. On one thing, at least, agreement has been reached. There is a category of the modern female young about which it is possible, and sometimes profitable, to speak out. Sometimes she is splendidly self-reliant and becomes a Cause; at other times she is of cock-tails all compact and becomes a Curse. As with the rival merits of brown bread and white, you pay your penny and you take your choice. There, at any rate, the pretty problem sits, throned halfway between the latest from Lambeth and the latest from Sandown Park.

With so much carefully gathered and picturesquely presented information, we need not call upon the actor to continue his historic rôle of abstract and brief chronicle. But Hamlet, with all his talk of chronicles and mirrors, inevitably suggests that the work of public comment now done in Fleet Street was expected in Southwark and we can still look hopefully to the stage if the papers have not brought us any certitude about this mystery of the modern girl. Yet once more curiosity is mocked. For here are two plays which put the creature plainly on view and all that we can discover is a personality sufficiently dual to be utterly different. Neither young lady, be it noted, is technically sinful; both slide without falling, so that they have their virtue in common. It is when we pass from morals to manners that we find the distinction which really divides. Miss Jill Osborne, of 'Chance Acquaintance,' is as vital as a puppy and as eager for fun, while Jennifer Gray, of 'The Peaceful Thief,' suggests Shelley's questions to the moon, so pale she is for weariness, and takes anything that comes with as little appetite or show of emotion as if it were happening in Peru. Her friends are faint beyond any dream of the 'nineties and carry the mood of Castle Bunthorne with the deportment of Tired Tim. They cross the stage as one dim thing after another and I doubt whether Mr. James Fenwick, the scenic designer,

could have walked down Piccadilly with a lily in his neo-Georgian hand; so much of luggage would have been altogether too gross. Indeed, one almost doubted whether he could have passed, unsupported, from the door of Swan to that of Edgar. Is this wide gulf between the ruses and raptures of Jill and the lilies and languors of Jennifer and company to be accounted for geographically? Are we once more to write the essay on the influence of climate upon character? For Jill lived in St. John's Wood and Jennifer in Bloomsbury. Unfortunately for any thesis on the variation of urban types, I have lived in both and never discovered any great difference of aeration or population. No, we are not going to learn anything here about the essential and unchangeable specimen of modern girl.

But we shall have some entertainment. Mr. Van Douten starts with an hotel encounter, proceeds to raise hell amid the spacious solemnities of Hamilton Terrace, and ends up in a lodging-house where you might very well have expected to meet, among the moderns, Dick Swiveller himself. Well might the tenant of the rooms have belonged to that lodge of Glorious Apollos of which Richard was the "Perpetual Grand." I understand that, when this piece was first produced in an experimental way by the Repertory Players, it was altogether more gentle and discussed the ethics and the aftermath of "picking-up" in a vein of almost contemplative comedy. Now it has been redecorated on louder lines and Mr. Osborne, the father of adventurous Jill, must have been audible from Maida Vale to Camden Town whenever there was a breeze at the breakfast table. No wonder that Jill was free of speech; she appeared to have all Basan in her pedigree and bull-roaring might well have been an inherited characteristic. When Jill and her chance acquaintance bolt from the parental tempest in St. John's Wood, they turn to the digs of a bachelor who is as competent to soothe a testy landlady as any of the brisk young lodgers in Dickens. Of the landlady it need only be said that she is played by Miss Una O'Connor, whose sense of comedy is so immediate in its attack, so devastating in its actuality that again Dickensian is the only word. In the kind of acting that moves behind lace-curtains in a flannel dressing-gown, she is the equal of Miss Ada King. "Manners, manners, manners," sniggers the genteel lady of the house as her whisky proves repetitive. "Humours, humours, humours," say I of drolery at once so truthful and so large.

Mr. Van Douten, I surmise, set out to tell us about manners and the modern girl and then was lured on from comment to absurd invention. The result was very good in parts and there was genuine domestic realism in the spectacle of Mrs. Osborne taking a trunk-call in the midst of a family row. I can forgive the author almost anything in the last act for the sake of Miss O'Connor, but I draw the line at the exploitation of bad eggs, and the vociferous endeavours of Mr. Osborne to show that there's life in St. John's Wood yet made me wish to hold my ears. The author had good service from his cast, but I thought that the production might have been tidier. However, there was amply good service provided by Miss Benita Hume, Miss Helen Haye, and Miss May Agate, while Mr. Bobbie Andrews was good as the shy youngster adopted for the evening by the more vigorous Jill. Mr. Clarke Smith's portrait of the gay lodger was good enough to deserve such a landlady as Miss O'Connor, and that is large tribute.

And so to Bloomsbury. Miss Lucas's play is good enough to justify reflections on hereditary talent without being so professional as to make one tremble before precocity. The story is unassuming and artless enough to need concealment of persons behind screen and curtain. How Jennifer Gray, who kept a bookshop, and Martin, who painted scenery, parted and came together again is the matter; the theme is a little vague, but it is at least implied that young

couples who agree to live their own lives will collapse before the drudgery of being "free" and find that partnership may actually be pleasant. A highly moral theme to proceed from the bleak amoralists of Miss Lucas's Bloomsbury. There is a wan and willowy dramatist who decorates his flat in the Palmerston period. Indeed, there is as much Victorianism in the raiment as there is Georgianism in the chatter. For the dramatist wears the very latest evening collar, which would have delighted Gladstone, while Martin wears a dressing-gown which would have dazzled Disraeli. Miss Lucas gets plenty of fun from her company of exquisites whose gait and accents are the very form and fashion of fatigue. If Vivian Daunt, for instance, be taken for the modern girl we need fear no positive harm from one who seems to be too bored to breathe. It is true that a vigorous past on the cricket-field and an amorous present in Bloomsbury were attributed to Martin, but Mr. Harold Scott removed all mercurial quality from the gentleman and presented him as a mollusc. Miss Mollie Kerr, as Jennifer, and also as producer, set the key of toneless utterance and utter disillusion. Miss Millie Sim, Mr. Patrick Ludlow, and, again, Mr. Clarke Smith assisted entertainment. Rehearsal cannot have been easy since I notice, comparing the first with a later programme, that four characters underwent last-minute changes. It was a fair beginning for Miss Lucas, but she, a modern girl herself, has only befogged me about this matutinal enigma. I suppose I had better give it up for good and go back, for my breakfast reading, to cereals and sacraments.

MUSIC THE CUNNING CRAFTSMAN

In the beginning the musician made not only his music but the instrument he played. Of course, before the beginning, as you may read in any story-book, man discovered that pleasant sounds could be produced by plucking or scraping a stretched string, or by blowing down certain kinds of tubes. We need not go back as far as that. Even Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has not gone back so far. He started with instruments that were already highly organized and were made at a time when the composer was also the executant and even sometimes the maker of the instrument. It has taken centuries to evolve from the musician-craftsmen the two glories of our age, the mass-produced pianoforte and the man who plays upon it. Mr. Dolmetsch was not to be dazzled, however; he had a shrewd notion that the age which produced Shakespeare would not have been content with music less good than his poetry—this long before the revival of Byrd and his fellowship—and that, if their music sounded wrong or could not be played on modern instruments, it was more likely that the instruments rather than the music were at fault. So, why not, he said, play it upon the instruments for which it was written?

The first reason "why not" was that, for the most part the instruments did not exist in playable condition, and, when they did, no one knew how to use them. Mr. Dolmetsch set himself to find out. He bought old instruments and, by a process of trial and error, learnt to play them. We cannot be sure that the results of his experiments are accurate, that he makes the music sound as it did in the days when it was written. But that uncertainty is a part of the nature of music. We do not even know, those of us who were not there, exactly how the "Ring" was played at its first performance, still less what Mozart's quartets sounded like in 1785, or the Brandenburg concertos fifty years before that. How much less can we tell what the

lutenists and violists and recorder-players made of the music two centuries older still, whose very notation presents innumerable problems for the solution of scholars. Modern notation, with all its expression marks, is vague enough, but it is a model of scientific accuracy compared with the hazy indications of the time when music was often committed to paper only in order to assist the memory of the composer-performer and to give the necessary information to his associates. Eighteenth-century music does not present great difficulties, for its traditions have been perpetuated and its idiom is the foundation of more modern styles. But, even so, scholars do not all agree about the grace-notes in Bach, and no one knows what Handel did at the organ when 'The Messiah' was first performed. A work so recent as the 'Rienzi' Overture provides a choice of different readings in the "turn" at the beginning of its main theme.

We can judge Mr. Dolmetsch only by results. When he and his family play pieces for a consort of recorders, the secret of whose construction he has solved, not being permitted to applaud, we can only remember how Pepys was made "really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife" by "the wind-musique" in 'The Virgin Martyr,' or Roger North's description of the old English fantasies, "which would seem a strange sort of music now, being an interwoven humdrum compared with the brisk *battuta* derived from the French and Italian. . . . The old English music has passed for dull entertainment and I must agree it is so to impatient hearers; but I was ever pleased with it . . . and chiefly for the facility and sedateness of the music. It is not like a hurry of action, as looking on a battle, where the concern is for one side or other makes a pleasure, but like sitting in a pleasant cool air in a temperate summer evening, when one may think or look or not, and still be pleased." After the orchestral battles of to-day, it is delightful indeed to listen to this quiet old music, which is not the less beautiful because it does not excite the nerves.

When Mr. Dolmetsch plays on the lute, we must make allowances. The lute is an instrument capable of great variety of colour and effect, of greater variety even than Segovia's guitar. It is correspondingly difficult to play. The mastery of its technique is the work of many years' training, and the man who attempts to master it must start at the beginning with no guide but the notes, the information contained in old books and his own musical instinct. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Dolmetsch's fingers are uncertain and that they fumble at the frets like a child at the pianoforte. But, if he can sufficiently revive the technique of lute-playing and construction, he will make possible the performance of a vast quantity of music which cannot otherwise be satisfactorily played. The lute should then be taken up by someone who, like Segovia, has already a knowledge of the peculiar technique and possibilities of the plucked-string instruments. When, however, Mr. Dolmetsch presents us with a performance of a Brandenburg concerto by Bach, as he suggests it should be played, and then makes scathing comments upon the "abominable scrapings and toollings" of the concert performances we usually hear, we may legitimately retort with a *tu quoque*. The average performances of Bach may be inaccurate and quite unlike what the composer himself heard. Too many instruments are often employed and the rhythms churn on with the expressionless regularity of a machine set in motion. But it is no more accurate to reduce Bach's music to a lifeless "humdrum," or to play it out of tune. I flatly refuse to believe that this was how Bach meant his music to sound.

But let us turn rather to Mr. Dolmetsch's most valuable contribution to music, his revival of the old keyboard instruments. Clavichord and harpsichord are

once more established with us as living music-makers, largely through his efforts. When one has listened to Bach and Mozart and Purcell played upon them, one is astonished that people are still content to play and to listen to their works upon the modern pianoforte. But although Mr. Dolmetsch is strict even to pedantry about the performance of old music in the exact manner in which he imagines it to have been originally performed, he is not above improving upon the methods of the old instrument-makers. He has now produced a new keyboard instrument, which is called a harpsichord, although it has apparently a clavichord action and is fitted with various novel devices for producing a variety of effects. It certainly "makes a noise like" a harpsichord, but lacks the incisive brilliance of the true harpsichord. It is, nevertheless, a lovely instrument. But Mr. Dolmetsch must be careful or, in the words of a distinguished and humorous musician, he will invent the pianoforte. H.

NOTE.—Those who are interested in Mr. Dolmetsch's work may like to know that a scheme is on foot to endow a "Dolmetsch Foundation," in order that his work may be carried on and his pupils assisted and encouraged. Particulars may be had of Mr. W. J. H. Whitall, Grayswood Hill, Haslemere, Surrey.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—89

SET BY ELIZABETH BIBESCO

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of six new proverbs. We suggest the following as examples:

1. Do not put all your needles in one haystack.
2. Put your tongue into the other cheek.
3. No two oranges taste alike.
4. The breath of the camel is the blessing of Allah.
5. A peach is a peach even in Honan.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-line epitaph in French on either (1) Mr. Winston Churchill or (2) Dr. Dorothy Logan.

Attention is drawn to the date on which this competition closes.

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 89a, or LITERARY 89n).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post on Friday*, November 18, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for November 26. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 87

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a summary of the history of England since the Peace, written in the manner of Gibbon, preserving not only the great historian's prose style, but also his general attitude of mind, and limited to three characteristic sentences

containing altogether not more than 200 nor less than 100 words.

B. Having disposed of drinking songs and patriotic songs within the last few weeks, we now offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best bathroom lyrics. As there is probably an angry queue waiting outside the door, competitors are advised to keep them short.

We have received the following report from Mr. Wilkinson, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. WILKINSON

87A. I suppose that people either read Gibbon often, or not at all. At any rate, the entries for this competition were distinguished rather by quality than quantity. All of them were good, in the sense of faithfully reproducing Gibbon's style and his general attitude of mind towards such a series of events as those which have taken place since the Peace. What some of them missed was his neatness, his subtlety and his wit, which would undoubtedly have made him a "best seller" if he had been writing to-day. It is for the lack of these that I feel compelled to award no more than an honourable mention to a clever contribution signed ODDD.

Arrow and T. Lantry, whom I recommend for first and second prize respectively, were well ahead of a small field. Arrow's "manly fellowships of the battlefield" is a masterly touch—Gibbon to the life—and his ingenuity in introducing that hit at the Crusades would alone have deserved a prize. I am a little doubtful about T. Lantry's "senator Ludius Georgius," but his concluding anecdote is just the sort of story Gibbon would have told. Will T. Lantry send the Editor his address?

FIRST PRIZE

The cessation of hostilities, unparalleled in their intensity and their dimensions, was saluted with a spontaneous and frenzied outburst of rejoicing; but the natural expression of relief was soon succeeded by a selfish and frivolous apathy which scarcely roused itself to acclaim the returning soldiery with the plaudits due to their martial exertions. Ignoble jealousies subverted the manly fellowships of the battlefield; an aristocracy impoverished and half obliterated by its vital and material sacrifices, and a commonalty clamorous for ever-increasing emoluments, were alike inclined to an extravagance which transcended the overtaxed and exhausted resources of the national purse; while those who professed, but barely deigned, to labour were constantly incited by traitorous demagogues to endanger the subsistence of their fellow-citizens by deserting their handicrafts. The name of Baldwin may recall the fanatic zeal of marauding crusaders; but the modern statesman is remembered for his aspirations after concord and tranquillity, though his efforts were frequently frustrated, and the deliverance from embarrassments painfully delayed, by ambiguous adhesion and unscrupulous enmity.

ARROW

SECOND PRIZE

The defeat of the barbarians was followed by a period of political apathy distinguished only by the loss of Ireland, the growing influence of the Jews, and some tedious and insignificant dissensions in the Church.

In society the ostentation of those enriched by the war, the lack of employment, and the efforts of demagogues, combined to increase the discontent of a populace chiefly supported by the State dole, and we read without surprise the comment of a discharged soldier on a speech of the senator Ludius Georgius, who with visionary fervour announced a golden age and a land fitted to be the dwelling-place of heroes. "Alas!" exclaimed the disappointed veteran, "in such a country none but heroes could hope to survive."

T. LANTRY

87B. Perhaps the idea of a bathroom lyric was too difficult. At any rate, after reading through the very large entry for this competition, I feel inclined to echo Dr. Johnson's remark when they took him to hear a pianoforte solo and tried to cheer him up afterwards by explaining that it was a very difficult piece to play. "I wish," he said, "that it had been impossible."

The best of these efforts are not lyrics—you cannot imagine them set to music—and that is obviously a serious defect. But for this, H. D. Webb and M. Peacock would have been strongly in the running for a prize. The latter's lyric has much neatness of invention:

"Two is company, three is none,"
Said I to the Bath, I said.

"Fools rush in," quoth Soap in the bath,
"Where angels fear to tread."

"One good turn" (Hot Tap to Cold)
"Deserves another," it cried.

"Brevity is the soul of wit,"
Said the waiting queue outside.

Again, I will confess that I had in mind the morning bath, which I conceive to be the only one that induces song; but there is in a large proportion of these contributions a disconcerting atmosphere of steam and bath-salts, a heavy, swooning, Saturday night kind of atmosphere, which is not at all what was meant. However, I have no hesitation in recommending Issachar for the first prize. And I think W. R. Dunstan ought to have the second, because his is an ingenious parody, though the last line is perhaps a little weak.

FIRST PRIZE

Some sigh for the traveller's perilous path;
Some sing of the desert and some of the hearth
And some of good cooking, but I sing the bath,

The joy of all persons of standing:
The water runs fast and deliciously hot;
You can't see for steam, and the bath-salts are—
(What?)

Who is that? Am I ready? No, certainly not!
There's another bath up on the landing.)

There is pleasure in money and pleasure in power;
A poem may give you delight for an hour,
And so may a picture, and so may a flower;
And some say there's pleasure in kisses:
But to lie in the bath till you fall in a doze,
With the scent of verbena assailing your nose:
And then to turn on the hot tap with your toes—
No pleasure on earth is like this is.

ISSACHAR

SECOND PRIZE

This side is Calidus, Hot; this Frigidus, Cold.

Calidus:

When piping hot the water flows
And towels lie warming on the rack,
When loofah yields its asper glows
And tickling droplets dew the back,
'Tis then the bather shouts with glee
And sings aloud right merrily,
Hooroo;

Hooroo, Hooroo: a glad tattoo
Unpleasing to a waiting queue!

Frigidus:

When shivers greet the wintry nip,
And numbed and reddened is the nose,
When freezing fingers lose their grip,
And purple patches grace the toes,
The tubber then is heard to sneeze,
With hawk and rasp and cough and wheeze,
Tishoo;

Tishoo, Tishoo: Prelude of flu,
Unpleasing to a waiting queue!

W. R. DUNSTAN

BACK NUMBERS—L

"I was on a Tuesday (I speak without boasting)"—so, if my memory does not trick me, Mr. Hilaire Belloc once began an essay or a delectable paragraph of it. Well, there have been Tuesdays of which men have boasted. Look, if you are old enough, and careful enough in conservation of copies of the best paper that ever was, at the SATURDAY of June 25, 1887: "It remains the simple truth that never in modern times has there been a Court pageant to compare in splendour and stateliness with that of last Tuesday." The Jubilee, we then said, had surpassed the most extravagant literary and journalistic anticipations and celebrations of it. A certain writer of that day, it seems, had said, in an after-dinner speech, that he was reserving all his epithets for the event: we declared even his vocabulary beggared by the eventual demand on it. Who he was is a question as insoluble by me as that of the song the sirens sang, or that of the name Ulysses assumed when he hid himself among women; but even if he was the florid George Augustus Sala, I can well believe that his eloquence fell short of the demand on it.

* * *

There had been those, poets and rhymers especially, who had not practised the caution of that reticent journalist. Tennyson, Mr. Lewis Morris—

Greek, Zend, or Erse,
I am partial to verse,
But not Lewis Morris—

and Lord Rosslyn had broken into hymns of patriotism, it appears from the files, before the end of March. The others, if silent or uncommunicative of their work, were not without a proxy. Early in April a Saturday Reviewer, whom I suppose to have been H. D. Traill, was good enough to supply, in an article entitled, 'Our Own Jubilee Poems,' samples of the pieces on which they were at work.

* * *

First for what 'Francesco said of the Jubilee':

What if we call it Fifty years! 'Tis steep!
To climb so high a gradient? Prate of Guides?
Are we not roped? The danger? Nay, the Turf,
No less nor more than mountain peaks, my friend,
Hath talk of Roping,—but the Jubilee!
Nay, there you have me: old Francesco once
(This was in Florence, in Visconti's time,
One wild Visconti, with one hip askance,
And beard tongue—twisted in the nostril's nook)
Parlous enough,—these times—what? "So are
ours"?

Or any times, 'i fegs, to him who parles,—
Well, 'twas in spring—

And so forth. But, though Browning had pretty well come into his own by 1887, with only two years to live, it was not to him that the nation looked for expression of its sentiment at the Jubilee.

* * *

In truth, it looked to nobody but Tennyson, and not merely because he was Laureate. But the Saturday Reviewer, Traill or another, thought otherwise. He even supposed Dobson to be called upon by the people, or to be labouring under the delusion that he was. A few years later a very great Victorian poet, asked who ought to be appointed Laureate in Tennyson's place, answered that it should be either Lord de Tabley, a most distinguished artist, not recognized as such till at the end of his long life, or else the Marquess of Lorne. But the Saturday Reviewer was determined to bring Dobson into peculiar prominence at the Jubilee, with a piece beginning:

A Birthday Ode for MEG or NAN,
A rhyme for Lady FLORA'S FAN,
A verse on Smut, who's gone astray,
These things are in the Poet's Way; . . .
But something overparted, He
When asked to rhyme the Jubilee!

And he was disposed "to offer the laurel to this author without seeking further."

* * *

But, he felt, in fairness others should at least be allowed to place samples of their work before the public. And so, among other things, our readers were enabled to read:

Me, that have sung and shrieked, and foamed in
praise of Freedom,
Me do you ask to sing
Parochial pomps, and waste, the wail of Jubileedom
For Queen, or Prince, and King!

And, after twenty-five stanzas, which were denied to readers:

The singers that sang Jubilee,
With golden lyre and tongue,
Praising their tyrant sung,
They shall fail and shall fade in derision,
As wind on the ways of the sea!

All of which was very ingenious, but that particular poet altogether cheated expectation.

* * *

I write of him with circumspection. No man can ever have had more patient friends than I have, but there is, no doubt very properly, one restriction imposed on me: there is one name, starlike to me,

Name from all other names apart,
Held lifelong in my heart,

which I may not cause any more to be printed anywhere. My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word. Very well. But need he be named? An Oxford undergraduate once got into trouble, in his Latin prose, by alluding to him as "ille poeta"—"I can only suppose, Mr. X., that you mean Milton!"—I shall not court trouble by naming him. I shall only quote a line or two of his Jubilee poem, and make amends by adding some comfortable reflections.

* * *

But, no. I will not quote from the greatest of the poems evoked by the Jubilee. It surprised, and pleased, King Edward as Prince of Wales, who had no feeling whatever for poetry but a great deal of shrewdness; still more did it surprise many literary persons who thought that a republican would never be able to eulogize the Queen. But its author (I still refrain from writing down his name) was no such doctrinaire as was generally supposed. The republic he desired was other than the republic conceived by crude anti-monarchical agitators, and he was ready enough to salute anyone who worthily represented the greatness of England. From that day nobody has managed to produce a poem on any national occasion worthy to be mentioned in the same sentence. To be sure, Sir William Watson wrote impressively of King Edward, and it may be argued that a Court poet should wear Court clothes, but the disproportion there exhibited, between the elaborate expression and the simple enough thing expressed, a disproportion common in that writer's verse, was fatal. There was also Francis Thompson, detained, and denied laudanum, till he "delivered the goods"; but gorgeousness is one thing, grandeur another. For myself, I incline to think we as a nation lost a great chance when Lord de Tabley was passed over in favour of Alfred Austin.

STET.

REVIEWS

CHARLES GREVILLE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Greville Diary. Edited by P. W. Wilson. Heinemann. 2 vols. 36s.

ENOUGH has been said already in various quarters on the technical defects of editorship which disfigure these volumes to make more than a brief recapitulation unnecessary here. The one that first strikes the reader is all the more an enormity because it probably masks a good many more. One might forgive Mr. Wilson his carelessness with names (Litchfield for Lichfield, Turbon for Turton, Deauville (!) for Beauvau and so forth), one might even forgive him his skittish chapter-headings and his own feebly pert comments. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that he has deliberately printed all this important new matter without giving the reader any clue as to what is new and what is old. If Mr. Wilson were better qualified for the work he has undertaken, this would matter less, though of course a properly qualified editor would never have thought of taking such an extraordinary course. But Mr. Wilson seems to be without either the scholarship or even the common carefulness required. It is certainly nowhere safe to take at its face value what he makes Greville say.

One result of this method has been the peculiar spectacle of innocent persons repeating to one another, in hushed tones, Victorian scandal, much of which has been available for many years to anyone who took the trouble to look at Reeve's original version. The suppressed passages, so far as I have been able to trace them in this wilderness, are not of overwhelming importance from the scandalous point of view. The reader without previous knowledge would gather from Mr. Wilson's chapter on the subject (and some have gathered) that the story of Lady Flora Hastings is now told for the first time: he even (no doubt in innocent but gross carelessness) strengthens this impression by attributing to Greville a foot-note which was written by Reeve. What the chapter does indicate is that the unexpurgated Greville, if we could have it in intelligible shape, would help us better to understand the repercussions of this unpleasant incident on the Court. The main facts, however, were published by Reeve over forty years ago.

If we put the question of the new material on one side and regard Mr. Wilson's book as an attempt to give a general idea of Greville and his work, there is still very much room for dissatisfaction. Mr. Wilson has grouped together in each chapter passages from all parts of the diary with a quite maddening inconsequence. If it was his aim to bring together illustrations of the diarist's various interests each under its proper heading, why does he put Sir Thomas Lawrence, Tom Moore, Samuel Rogers, and some others, with a touch of Macaulay (misspelt), in Chapter XII, under the general title 'Highbrows,' and Macaulay and Samuel Rogers again, with Southey and one or two more, in Chapter LX, called 'Books in Breeches'? And why does he give his chapters such silly titles? And why does he interrupt Greville with facetious observations of his own?

The reader who possesses Reeve's version may well ask himself whether, new material or not, it is worth while to give all this stuff shelf-room. But Greville does, of course, require editing. Reeve gives many invaluable foot-notes on the innumerable persons who appear in the diary: Mr. Wilson gives far less information. He requires the services of a capable editor also in another way. While the diary is a highly important historical source (there is little else like it in English), it must be used very cautiously.

Greville was certainly prone on occasion to give way to personal prejudice: one would need, for example, better evidence than his bare word before concluding that Lord George Bentinck was a racing sharp. Moreover, it is necessary to remember that much of what he recorded was gossip, and that he knew it to be gossip and gave it as such. He did not necessarily accept all that was told him by highly placed and well-informed persons, but the fact that a highly placed and well-informed person made a certain statement, or expressed a certain opinion, seemed to him, quite rightly, to be in itself a matter of interest. The Duchess of Kent might or might not be Sir John Conroy's mistress, but it was an historical fact that at one time the Duke of Wellington thought she was. Greville's informants were not always right, he himself was often wrong, but as an account of what the inner circle of the governing classes was doing, saying and thinking during a period of more than thirty years, the diary is unrivalled.

All this is from the point of view of the historical value of the work, but there is another point of view which is too often disregarded. Greville has a claim to be considered as a diarist altogether apart from the importance of the information he conveys. He is always readable, always characteristic, he has a style and personality of his own. It would be possible, I think, to be profoundly uninterested in Queen Victoria, in Melbourne, Palmerston and all the rest and yet to enjoy the diary because of one's interest in Charles Fulk Greville. How fascinating are the passages in which he suddenly rebukes himself for a wasted life, for days spent in gaming and racing, idle occupations in which he took no real pleasure! How real are those others in which we see him, disinclined, bad-tempered and pessimistic, goading himself on to continue the diary which was to be his final justification!

He spanned over the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. He was one of the last of the placemen and he knew the whole of a life which was vanishing with ever greater rapidity while he contemplated it. He makes all the persons of this drama as vivid and striking as the characters in a great novel. The diary is full of scenes which linger pictorially in the memory. The Duke of Wellington has a seizure:

It is remarkable that he has an accurate recollection of all the steps of his illness from the first perception of uneasy sensations to the moment of being seized with convulsions. He first felt a chilliness in his hand, and he was surprised to find himself passing and repassing Lady Burghersh's house without knowing which it was. He called, however, and went up; and to her enquiry—for she was struck with his manner—he replied that he was quite well. Going home he dropped the rein but caught it up with the other hand. When he arrived at his door, the servants saw that he could not get off his horse, and helped him, and one of them ran off instantly for Hume. The Duke walked into his sitting-room, where Hume found him groaning and standing by the chimney-piece. He got him to bed directly, and soon after the convulsions came on.

This brief passage gives some idea of the nature of Greville's style, vigorous, easy, lucid and graphic. He is never slovenly, over-allusive or over-repetitive, yet he never loses the familiar accent of a man writing up his own journal. It would be a pity if, in admiring his services to history, we were to forget what a delightful book for "reading in" he produced.

HUMAN PROGRESS

Man, God and Immortality: Thoughts on Human Progress. By Sir James George Frazer. Macmillan. 15s.

THIS volume is not, as the unsophisticated reader might suppose, a reasoned statement of the author's views on some of the fundamental problems of the universe. In certain passages, such as that

on the belief in an external world, the problem is viewed from the standpoint of pure reason; but the work consists of extracts, printed for the most part unchanged, from the author's studies in what he terms mental anthropology.

Sir James Frazer has now been writing about primitive man and his beliefs for more than forty years; for his information he has depended upon the work of others; how largely he has plunged into the mass of books relating to the uncivilized and their beliefs may be seen by the list of works cited in 'The Golden Bough.' If first-hand knowledge of some area had enabled him to realize what a mass of blunders were recorded as solid fact in pre-scientific days, maybe he would have been less ready to accept the word of writers that dealt with peoples whose tongue they did not understand. This lack of personal acquaintance with even a single people in the lower stages of culture is perhaps responsible for the author's rather dogmatic attitude in places, for his rather light-hearted use of technical terms, such as group marriage, and for a rather amazing belief that primitive people have simple ways and simple thoughts.

But to speak of the author as dogmatic without qualification would be to do him an injustice; for dogmatism usually implies an inability to see the defects of one's own theories; and Sir James Frazer is often surprisingly aware that other possibilities exist, that a nature god, for example, may have been a deified man after all. On the other hand, he adheres in the present volume to the belief that group marriage is or was recently known in the neighbourhood of Lake Eyre; to this view he had committed himself at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association in 1904, and though, in the opinion of almost the whole anthropological world, it had been shown very shortly afterwards to be erroneous, he republished it in 1910, disposing of the arguments against him by the simple process of ignoring them completely.

No reader of this work would gather from the survey of Australian facts that native sociology is among the most obscure problems of anthropology; yet some twenty years ago a first-rate authority was of the opinion that not more than five persons were really competent to discuss them. It is perhaps doing Sir James Frazer an injustice to suppose that he has not fathomed all the complexities; but it is surprising to find him retaining the dictum of the Dieri that they have exogamy in its simplest and oldest form. For the most part Australian tribes are divided into two, four or eight intermarrying sections; nominally the Dieri have the two-moiety system but actually they follow the eight-class rule; the author's statement of the case is not quite adequate; the same applies to his argument to prove that Australian exogamous systems were deliberately devised to prevent the marriage of near kin. It was pointed out more than twenty years ago that they are systematizations of already existing marriage rules.

It may be the mark of a strong mind to ignore criticism; but it is not the mark of a strong case. One of the main bulwarks of the author's conceptional theory of totemism was the completion of the broken chain of evidence by some data from the Banks' Islands. The evidence of Dr. Rivers was given in his own words and it is abundantly clear from them that though the finding of an animal or fruit by a woman was by the native mind associated with a subsequent pregnancy, it was impossible to ascertain definitely how the woman was in their belief influenced. This clear statement notwithstanding, Sir James Frazer, in 1910, summed up the evidence by saying that the reason they give for holding this belief is that the mothers were impregnated by spirit animals or spirit fruits. The discrepancy was pointed out at the time, but the passage is nevertheless reproduced unchanged. A firm belief in his own theories does not justify an author in playing ducks and drakes with his data.

Besides the long section on sociology there are three main headings which deal, broadly speaking, with method, with religion (including magic), and with immortality. Not far off three hundred extracts of varying length make up the book and each is the summing up of many pages of more bulky works, themselves the product of months or years of laborious application. It may seem to the layman both rash and ungracious to throw doubt upon conclusions backed by such erudition and set forth with such literary charm. Yet no one who has actual experience of the so-called lower races can read without feeling that though it is both pleasant and profitable to read, the author often fails to carry conviction because he lacks first-hand experience.

He writes, for example, that the belief in immortality is strong and perhaps universal among the savage races of mankind. It is no doubt true that most peoples believe that some part of man survives death; but that is not to say that they believe in immortality. Unless appearances are deceptive it is only the recent dead who are regarded as still in existence; the West African negro offers sacrifices to his father and mother, but his grandfather is a misty figure who demands little or nothing if indeed he is not regarded as reincarnated. Not only so, but everyone with field experience knows how difficult it is to tie an informant down to a definite statement in such matters. The beliefs are fluid, and belief of any sort is a matter of very small importance among primitive peoples; it is only when we come to organized religions that orthodoxy comes to the front.

It must not be imagined that Sir James Frazer has nothing to say on his own attitude towards the great problems which have for countless generations formed the subject of human speculations. From a passage towards the end of the book we learn that the author, left to the resources of his natural faculties alone, can as little affirm the certain or probable existence of his personality after death as he can affirm the certain or probable existence of a personal God. It is not quite clear how the qualifying words are to be understood and perhaps the matter is left obscure of set purpose; though on an earlier page there is a less ambiguous answer though not one with a positive content.

It has been pointed out above that there is a certain amount of dogmatism in the passages reproduced, as was perhaps essential when works written years ago are laid under contribution. Those who can refer to some of the author's older works, from which no quotations are given, will perhaps hardly expect to see the growth of a spirit of tolerance, and it will come as a surprise to read in a passage from a recent work that historical inquiry cannot invalidate, still less refute, religious creeds. One lays down the book with the feeling that the author is more and more impressed by the uncertainty and lack of finality, not only of his own researches, but in all departments of knowledge.

LEAN YEARS IN THE ARMY

History of the British Army. By Sir J. W. Fortescue. Vol. XII. 1839-1852. With a separate volume of maps. Macmillan. 40s.

WHEN a distinguished critic, some thirteen years ago, spoke of the British Army as "a contemptible little army," it is fair to remember that he was referring only to its size. Since the days of the Hundred Years' War the British Army has always been a small one, compared with those of other European Powers. But what it has lacked in size it has made up for in versatility—in the amazing variety of the military problems set for it to solve, and in the geographical range of its activities which is certainly greater than that of any other army since the world began. In a

double sense, the "little British army goes a d——d long way."

In this new instalment of Sir John Fortescue's history, now majestically approaching its close (there are only two more volumes to come) we find the British army first in Afghanistan, advancing precariously to Kabul at the instigation of "political agents," and dying gloriously in that disastrous retreat to Jalalabad when only one man got through. We follow it south to Sind, and through the Sikh wars, and eastward across the sea to China; then back to Burma for one of the most uncomfortable campaigns it was ever engaged in; next to New Zealand for the Maori war; and finally we say good-bye to it in South Africa after the crushing of the Kaffir revolt. That is not a bad range for twelve of the least eventful years in its history. But the records of individual officers are even more significant. Here, for instance, is Sir John Fortescue's summary of the military services of that gallant soldier and able public servant, Sir Harry Smith :

His first action was the storm of Monte Video in 1807, his second the attack on Buenos Aires; after which he went with Sir John Moore first to Sweden, then to Spain, where he passed through the campaign of Corunna, and, returning in time to share in Craufurd's famous march to Talavera, served from that point to the end of the Peninsular War. Thence he went straight to North America, fought at Bladensburg, brought home dispatches of the action, returned to share in the operations at New Orleans, and, crossing the Atlantic once more, arrived just in time for the battle of Waterloo. He served next in the army of occupation in France, then at Halifax, then in Jamaica, then in the Cape, where we have already seen him in the First Kaffir War, then in India, in the last Mahratta and First Sikh wars, and finally once again at the Cape.

Just as a travel record, that is something that the most active modern globe-trotter might envy.

That is, perhaps, the first impression that we get from this book. The second is that the spirit of Waterloo was still alive in the British army during these lean years. If our soldiers wrote no new chapter headings in any history but a military history, it was simply because the opportunity was lacking—and because they were not led so well. Time after time they showed that they were still their old magnificent selves. Even on that ghastly retreat from Kabul, the remnants of the Forty-fourth, a mere handful of twenty or thirty men, never once broke their ranks but continued to face the foe resolutely, and so stood to the end. During these years, too, occurred that historic incident of the loss of the *Birkenhead* which, as Sir John Fortescue rightly says, founded a tradition and has made it a point of national honour ever since that there shall be no cowardly panics on British ships. Our cavalry were at all times prepared, on the command of their officers, to charge a force ten times their number. Our generals in India were apparently prepared to undertake almost anything, provided only that they had a stiffening of British soldiers among their troops.

They fought under extraordinary difficulties. Commissariat arrangements were continually breaking down; cholera was an ever-present danger. In Burma they had to force their way through swamps and jungles, never knowing when they might be attacked; and though the nights were deadly cold, many of the troops had been allowed to leave their overcoats behind in order that they might march "light." On the other hand officers took trains of servants with them on active service, and Keane, the commander in Afghanistan, was accused of having appropriated no fewer than two hundred and sixty public camels for the use of himself and his staff. Camp followers often outnumbered the fighting men by five or ten to one. Sir John Fortescue tells us little—less than the average reader would have liked to have heard—of the dress worn by British troops engaged in these campaigns. He does mention, however, that the ridiculous coatee was still in use, and

the still more unpractical forage-cap. He also mentions that in the Kaffir War "the men's clothing fell to rags after a few days of patrol-duty in the forest," while the officers "hardly made a pretence of wearing uniform." He quotes a description of the men of the Sixth wearing "red coats patched with leather, canvas and cloth of all colours, with straw hats, wide-awakes, long beards, tattered trousers and broken boots, revealing stockingless feet." In some cases grey jackets or canvas blouses were served out to the men.

There is a popular idea that the British artillery and small-arms were at all times infinitely superior to anything in the possession of their opponents in India and Afghanistan. This is pure delusion. Not only were our muskets often worn out, but it was a common complaint that the Afghan matchlocks outranged them, thus giving the tribesmen a definite advantage, especially in skirmishing among the hills. The Sikh guns were both heavier and more numerous than ours, and the Sikh and Mahratta artillerymen served their guns admirably. Again and again the British infantry, having been brought up by forced marches, would charge prepared positions without any artillery support at all. If this had been a war of battle-axes and spears we should have won more easily than we actually did.

The British infantryman, as Sir John remarks, is "a patient soul." There was no need, perhaps, to emphasize his heroism: certainly Sir John does not go out of his way to do so. He seems almost to be readier with blame than praise. For incompetent officers he has no mercy at all, and it must be confessed that he finds plenty of suitable targets for his scornful indignation in the period under review, especially in the Afghanistan campaign. Officers of "abnormal stupidity," and interfering political agents of the "brilliant young man" type abound in the chapters devoted to that disastrous and ill-considered undertaking. Sir Sydney Smith and Sir John Stuart (whose careers were dealt with in an earlier volume) are referred to here, quite incidentally, as "those two impostors." This is strong language. But Sir John Fortescue is dealing with a difficult period in the history of the army. His great book, like some stately vessel, is now slowly approaching its harbour, and it is not unusual to find a patch of bad water just outside the bar. It was, on the whole, an occasion for plain speaking, and we should be grateful to the historian for not mincing his words.

THE ABOLITION OF MANKIND

Lenin and Gandhi. By René Fülop-Miller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. 21s.

WE may perhaps doubt whether Lenin and Mr. Gandhi are the two men "whose personalities most forcibly embody the spirit of the present age," but we can have no possible doubt that the two sketches contained in the present volume are extremely interesting and throw a flood of welcome light on two very enigmatic revolutionaries. Let us say, in passing, that the translation is admirably done and reads like a good original.

The author is well informed and has drawn a perfectly verisimilar and very probably a true picture of his heroes, his admiration for whom does not blind him to their practical inadequacies. It is just ten years since Lenin captured the Winter Palace and established his "dictatorship of the proletariat." Lenin, says Mr. Fülop-Miller, was the true fulfiller of the political ideal of Peter the Great; it was a queer way that he set about it. But it was a very successful way up to a point. Though he only held power for three

or four years before it dropped from his paralysed hands, the Bolshevik State owes its existence to his amazing driving force. As *The Times* observed, in the leader published on the tenth anniversary of November, 1917, "there was some singular power in Lenin himself that appealed very forcibly to all the forces of discontent." We cannot say that Mr. Fülop-Miller has explained what that power actually was, but he has satisfactorily demonstrated its existence. Perhaps part of the secret lay in the old aphorism of *hoc age*, the true categorical imperative of the statesman :

In Lenin's mind every doctrine or theory, even if it were an idea which embraced the whole of humanity, always assumed the form of a directly necessary, practical demand. Therefore, even in his oratory as an agitator and his propagandist writings, he always dealt only with the tasks which must be immediately carried out.

Incidentally this explains why the many volumes of his collected works are so jejune; they have lost their immediate interest and have nothing else. But it is none the less true that "Bolshevism is, in content and doctrine, the achievement of Lenin, and it was the mysteriously strong personal influence that he exercised that afterwards grew and waxed to an historic influence, to the mighty upheaval, which is Bolshevism."

The account of Mr. Gandhi and the amazing influence which he, in turn, has contrived to establish over the Hindu race—who, in spite of their being the great numerical majority, cannot be fairly described as "the people of India"—is also extremely interesting, and to English readers more valuable than that of Lenin, who was fortunately an exotic, whereas we are to a large extent responsible for Mr. Gandhi. Mr. Fülop-Miller describes the rise of the "non-co-operation movement" and the treatment which it received from the Indian Government with an obvious effort after complete fairness, and there is very little in his 150 pages to which we could take exception, though a longer and closer personal acquaintance with the problems of India might have been helpful. He brings well out the personal fascination which seems to have been exerted over all who came into direct contact with Mr. Gandhi, and his description of the spinning-wheel cult—a kind of Ruskinian insistence on cottage industry—is quite idyllic. The contrast between Lenin's doctrine of utter violence and Mr. Gandhi's worship of non-resistance is well drawn. But we are left at last wondering at the similarity of the end which both these great reformers wished to attain by diametrically opposed methods. Lenin believed in reducing the numbers of an overcrowded population by bullet and bayonet, by plague, pestilence and famine; his first recorded utterance was a public protest against an attempt to diminish the mortality due to a local dearth. Mr. Gandhi's ultimate panacea is apparently to be found in his appeal to all his followers to abstain from producing children for some unspecified length of time; probably a century would suffice. Thus the *Welt-schmerz* would be finally and efficiently provided with an adequate plaster. We can only revert to that admirable apologue in which Stevenson summed up the creed of such reformers in the sound remark, "The first thing is to abolish mankind." In this respect Lenin showed more likelihood of success than Mr. Gandhi; but the world is a big place, and it will be a long time before all its nooks are penetrated by the Lenin poison-gas or the Gandhi chloroform.

EUROPE IN ARMS

Will Civilization Crash? By Lieut.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy. Benn. 10s. 6d.

COMMANDER KENWORTHY has written a book which is both provoking and thought-provoking. Probably no volume published in this country since

the war has given a more complete catalogue of the existing dangers to peace, or a more terrifying picture of what will happen if sentiment defeats intelligence and we allow war to bring about our ultimate ruin. And yet the suggestions the author makes for the maintenance of peace are so hopelessly inadequate that one closes his book thoroughly depressed and discouraged.

Naturally, the most interesting passages of 'Will Civilization Crash?' deal with naval affairs, and the arguments against large and costly capital ships are unpleasantly convincing. "The British fleet that deployed at Jutland cost the British taxpayer, apart from upkeep and repair costs, approximately £132,000,000," and Commander Kenworthy emphasizes the stupendous increase in the cost of vessels of war that is rendered essential by technical progress. "Recent experiments in the United States navy," he writes, "have proved up to the hilt the possibility of a warship being sunk by the great bombs carried by a single modern aeroplane exploding in the water alongside of her. . . And for the cost of the present-day battleship a thousand modern aeroplanes can be built."

There is no space here to deal with the majority of Commander Kenworthy's remarks about the naval and military preparations of this country; it must suffice to say that he is convinced that no preparations of this nature can avert war, and it is when he turns to alternative schemes that his book becomes unsatisfactory. In the Preface Mr. H. G. Wells attacks the League of Nations as "a mischievous opiate," since a great many people who "have paid their subscription to a local branch of the League of Nations Union and been to a lecture or a garden party once a year under its auspices feel that they have done all that can be expected of them to secure world peace." Mr. Wells has frequently proved himself to be a very poor political guide, but does he really imagine that the drugging of ineffectual people of this sort is anything like so dangerous to peace as are his own rather childish attacks on the only body which is even attempting to bring about disarmament?

Whereas Mr. Wells suggests nothing to replace the League, Commander Kenworthy makes a gallant effort to convince his readers that the only alternative is Senator Borah's "outlawry of war." The League of Nations may still be a poor instrument (though not nearly so poor as Commander Kenworthy makes out, since he attacks it time after time for having failed to deal with some problem which, in point of fact, neither his own nor any other Government has submitted to it), but we are given no hint as to how public opinion, which fails to compel the Governments always to use League machinery, will be aroused in favour of some new and nebulous scheme. Commander Kenworthy wants the codification of international law—the only organization dealing with codification is the League of Nations; he wants an independent judicial tribunal to deal with legal disputes—the only organization of this nature is the League's Permanent Court of International Justice. Lastly, he wants war to be declared a crime, and only six weeks ago in Geneva the League passed a resolution declaring "that all wars of aggression are and shall always be prohibited." Had it not been for his own Government the words "of aggression" would have been omitted. Surely the Commander is defeating the object he wishes to attain by attacking the League on the ground that, while it alone is dealing with all the problems he thinks should be solved, it is not showing the energy he and others of us might wish to see displayed?

Thus, despite a very lurid picture of the dangers that lie ahead, Commander Kenworthy's book, sincere and illuminating as it is in many ways, will not give a lead to puzzled people who feel vaguely that patriotism, in the old sense of the word, is not enough.

ART BOOKS

The National Gallery: France and England. By Sir Charles Holmes. Bell. 25s.

Pieter Breugel the Elder. By Virgil Barker. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

The Art of Still-Life Painting. By Herbert Furst. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

SIR CHARLES HOLMES has now completed his survey of old masters and modern art as illustrated in the National Gallery. The three volumes into which he has compressed this enormous subject constitute one of the most valuable histories of European Christian art which has yet been compiled; and that is largely because Sir Charles is no mere compiler. His practice as a painter and his aesthetic interest in art have redeemed his work from the dry and mechanical relation of facts which are the common characteristics of the majority of such syntheses. If we have any complaint to make of the new and last volume it is that Sir Charles is inclined to be over-tolerant, a little too generous in his estimate of his older contemporaries, and a little too sparing in space for the younger men, both English and French. But his books would not be the stimulating works they are if we always agreed with him.

Mr. Barker, on the other hand, in his brief essay on Breugel, has failed to say anything very new. It is admitted that little has been written on Breugel, but a great deal has recently been said, and most of Mr. Barker's essay is a repetition of the commonplaces of the studio and the lecture-room. But we do not protest at this. In spite of the immense critical prestige which Breugel has obtained, his name still remains unfamiliar to the layman, and for that reason Mr. Barker's inexpensive and well-illustrated monograph is valuable.

Mr. Furst, too, has attacked a subject written of but little. We are not, indeed, acquainted with any other book dealing exclusively with still-life. Mr. Furst is indefatigable. It seems a very short time ago that we were reviewing his book on portraiture, another vast, uncharted sea. Is it possible that Mr. Furst is too indefatigable, too anxious to sail every ocean? We cannot but admire the enthusiasm with which he seeks to crush the whole of *ars longa* into his *vita brevis*; but we are forced to admit also that it suffers a little in the crushing. His new book has every sign of hurry. The sentences are often confused, sometimes even ungrammatical. There is a lack of synthesis which can only be achieved by the slow pondering for which Mr. Furst leaves himself no time. His book, which is a further volume in the excellent Universal Art Series, is valuable for the wide range of its illustrations and as a starting point for more considered work.

THE SCOTTISH HORSEMAN

Redeemed. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

TO readers of this REVIEW Mr. Cunningham Graham needs no introduction, and to praise his prose may seem as natural, and therefore as unnecessary, as praise of sunshine. His vision wanders again through sunny places, and broods upon the Arab and the Indian and the Spaniard as they go their hot ways upon the burnished earth. Once, indeed, he travels to the Hebrides, as a Scot should, and none could distil a finer melancholy from the mist. But we know this Scot as a paradoxical person; it is not the hard, clean cultures that stir him, but the lands where Latinity has lost all touch with classic containment, and has flowered in wild blossom, thorny and ungoverned. It is a splendid "sport" of literary

nature which has found in the Scot the prose-poet of the pampas. But there is anger in him, and the paper which gives this volume its name is scathing in its irony. It is a little Tyrolean village which is "redeemed" by the blood of peasants confusedly killing each other at authority's command. Redemption for the village means conversion. It becomes a spa, with a cosmopolitan hotel de luxe, where to the negro rhythms "hips waggle just like the rumps of a troop of cattle waggle, as a man sees them seated on his horse when they start jogging on the road." Outside are the graves of the "redeemers."

Mr. Cunningham Graham remains upon his horse, and, when horsemen die, he gives them such threnody as no other rider can. There is a beautiful epitaph on Long Wolf, who was born to be free of the prairies, and died in the service of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show; he is buried in Brompton Cemetery, and a wolf bays over the cross upon his tombstone. There is just and eloquent lament, too, for Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Then comes a rider to the sea. The description of Conrad's funeral at Canterbury is superb in its sympathy and melody; the rise and fall of the sentences are like the movement of the sea as it shrugs its great shoulders against a cliff or harbour wall. In this essay the seaman is honoured with the sound of waters in the words and the writer is honoured with writing of great harmony and understanding. Then, when the author turns back to the desert or the pampas, and sets some village or vista shimmering in the sun, we realize how detail and design can work together.

INNS AND TAVERNS

The Taverns of Old England. By H. P. Maskell. Allan. 10s. 6d.

IT was in the manor house—as Mr. Maskell is careful to explain in this book, which will be prized by all tavern lovers—that the inn took its origin. From the earliest times the manor house, technically the residence of the lords of the manor, was in effect the communal meeting place of the villagers, who on the days when feasts were held would appear with their wives and families, bringing with them their own cups and platters. Gradually, and by almost imperceptible stages, the manor house developed into the hostelry, and Bulls, White Harts, Red Lions, Tabards, Bells and Angels became common throughout the country.

The origin of some of these signs is interesting. Thus, the Bull—one of the most common of them all—is derived from the Latin *Bulla*, the seal of a monastery or college. "The White Horse was the banner of the Saxon invaders of England." The King's Head would appear to date from Reformation times, and was often put up in substitution for the Pope's Head—a frequent tavern sign in medieval England. The Salutation commemorates the tidings brought to Mary by the Archangel Gabriel, as also does the Angel. The Puritans, it seems, disliked the word Salutation, which in consequence frequently became the Soldier and Citizen—an inferior variant on the original.

It is gratifying to learn that in that period of English history which is popularly referred to as "the dark ages" every effort was made to see that the ale brewed and sold in this country was good. "In Saxon times the alewife who sold bad ale was liable to be placed on a ducking stool and dipped in a pool of water." The disappearance of the alewife has not led to a noticeable improvement in the quality of our English beer, and a revival of this wholesome discipline might have a salutary effect.

Mr. Maskell concludes his book with a powerful plea for the public-house. He wishes that it were more often patronized by the teetotaller. It is the wise use of the inn, rather than its abolition, which is best calculated to secure a sober and contented population.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

A Girl Adoring. By Viola Meynell. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

The Miracle Boy. By Louis Golding. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

The Stepson. By Martin Armstrong. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Susy in the World. By A. Waddingham Seers. Douglas. 7s. 6d.

MISS MEYNELL'S work commands admiration. It is thorough, humorous, original. It avoids false sentiment and every kind of cheapness and smartness that makes many modern novels intolerable, but it is not at all negative. It shows emotional power of a high quality. When Gilda saw her lover at a ball,

the effect on her was so overwhelming that when after a few minutes she managed to regain her composure she told herself nervously that seeing him unexpectedly was a thing she could not do very often without dying of it.

Such words, coming from the pens of many novelists, would seem exaggerated, but Miss Meynell's tone is so quiet and so convincing that one realizes immediately that this was the way her heroine felt. But no, Gilda is not the heroine : the heroine is a girl called Claire who adores the newcomer Hague, who farms a neighbouring estate. But though the heroine, she is not the central character. This rôle falls to her brother Morely, who is portrayed in all his unamiability, with extraordinary minuteness and with unremitting malice :

Morely was very fond of writing letters, for directly he had written a letter he enjoyed the feeling that someone was in his debt. Sometimes he would even write by two consecutive posts, heading the second letter P.S., and almost crushing his correspondent with the sense of indebtedness to him. . . .

Even with nice new acquaintances, against whom he had nothing in the world, towards whom indeed he was extremely well disposed, something made him want them not to appear too much to advantage—as if all life was a competitive pull, and anything others gained, he lost.

For a man of not much enterprise in his vocabulary, Morely had certainly managed to collect together a surprising number of words of a non-committal character with which to rebuke and disappoint the agreeable expectations people formed in asking him for an account of his doings. . . . It was a pity, too, that he thought it a little virtuous not to have enjoyed oneself.

But he was always well dressed : "the mere material his clothes were made of made it difficult to get even with Morely." Certainly Miss Meynell does her best to get even with him : how she dislikes him ! But, like his correspondents, she owes him a debt, for without him the book would fall to pieces. It certainly is not, and scarcely could be, held together by the account of the love-affair between Claire and Hague : for this, in spite of its beautiful moments, is too forced and as it were too subterranean to impose a pattern on the book. Surely never did anyone get less pleasure from her love than Claire ; and, granted that her nature was unusually prone to self-abnegation and self-mistrust, still love is rarely as unfriendly to its temporary hosts as Miss Meynell portrays it. This consideration, added to the fact that the book has no sense of balance, staggering first towards one character and then towards another, makes it unsuccessful as a whole. Bereft of a satisfactory form, it relies for its interest on individual paragraphs and sentences, nor does it rely on them in vain. Miss Meynell loads every rift with ore. Her mind is perhaps too apt to see a resemblance between two apparently unrelated objects or ideas, and to develop it in an ingenious simile, and her style is as awkward as a plain style can well be. But she

thinks and feels and observes unceasingly, and every line she writes bears testimony to this.

Mr. Louis Golding carries us to the Tyrolean village of Midrans, a rough, rude place, given to superstition and inhabited by hard-drinking peasants, and presided over (as far as he was able to preside) by a haughty, lustful, and disagreeable aristocrat, Conrad von Felsenburg. In these Tyrolean valleys, says the narrator of the story, are to be found traces of a civilization akin to that of ancient Etruria ; and at the moment of his arrival the resemblance had taken human shape in the form of a Miracle, or more precisely, a miracle-working Boy, a phenomenon that had previously visited the Etruscans. The son of a peasant, Hugo Harpf as a child showed precocity in draughtsmanship, and at the instance of an unbalanced Hungarian Count was sent to Munich to develop his talent. But the poor lad never had much talent, and in war-time Munich he nearly starved. It was in the stress of physical fatigue and thwarted hopes that the power of working miracles made itself felt in him, and when he returned to Midrans he was able to make rose-trees out of nothing, turn corn into sand (though most of his miracles were benevolent), and ultimately to raise the dead to life. But he had an enemy in Conrad von Felsenburg, who had taken into his household Hugo's sweetheart, Nauni, and intended to make her his mistress whether she would or no. So the village is divided into various camps. The Miracle Boy has his supporters ; the village priest has his (he regarded Hugo as an emissary of the infernal powers) ; von Felsenburg has no following, indeed, but plenty of money, with which he hires the best international conjurors and illusionists, hoping to discredit his antagonist in the eyes of the village. For Hugo had declared he would get Nauni back.

There is no way out but tragedy, and tragedy of the most uncompromising order follows. It may be said at once that fantastic as the theme is, Mr. Golding's imagination is nearly always equal to it. He has plenty of humour of a grim sort, and he manages to unite a great many mutually discordant elements—melodrama, farce, archaeology, religious psychology. He goes too far, I think, when he depicts Hugo as always accompanied by a raven, never flitting, and there are touches of false solemnity, when he seems to be unduly overcome by the gravity of his own theme :

Motorists!
Less
Carbon
IN MOTORS
BY USING THE
Anti-Carbon
Pair

SHELL OIL
AND
SHELL PETROL

It seems to have been outside the compass of Hugo's imagination that the powers he possessed might sensational or profitably be exercised before a more numerous audience. I have sometimes wondered why it did not occur to the priest . . . but it is evident that the priest . . . it is possible, even . . .

All this weighing of the pros and cons does not impress one as it should. But 'The Miracle Boy' as a whole is impressive. Mr. Golding has been able to make his amazing theme take root in the imagination. He faces without alarm the hydra of scepticism and incredulity and destroys its hundred heads: we are lured into a willing suspension of disbelief, and that, after all, is the aim of the romantic novel. Mr. Golding has done excellent work in many fields, but nothing better than this.

The situation in 'The Stepson' is an old and simple one. A woman no longer quite young, whose life has been spent in looking after her withered and querulous father, meets a farmer already twice married and more than twice her own age, and consents to become his third wife. He is at once uxorious and profligate; one of his servants is his mistress, as Kate subsequently discovers. This weighting of the scales against Ben is necessary to the moral balance of the story, but Mr. Armstrong does not quite succeed in making the liaison credible. But clearly Kate must be sinned against, for she is also sinning: she falls in love with David, her husband's son by an earlier wife. In his account of the progress of this unhappy affair Mr. Armstrong is at his best. He always writes well, often beautifully; and the quality of restraint which characterizes his style, thought, and emotion is particularly effective when brought to bear upon the intricacies of Kate's miserable predicament. With the utmost delicacy and insight he describes the painful oscillation of her feelings, the sense of triumph alternating with the sense of guilt. The scene in which she tells David she loves him is as good as it could be. Possibly Mr. Armstrong has made a novel of what should have been a long short-story: there are few characters, and little real variety of interest or mood: even Ben the husband cannot quite escape being a lay figure, the obstacle to Kate's happiness. But the book has great beauty and dignity of emotion.

A first novel, 'Susy in the World,' shows that Mr. Waddingham Seers has already got the power of revealing, without tricks of impressionism and thought-association, the inside of a mind. Nor, like others who write along the same lines, does he sacrifice coherence for the sake of expressing that featureless fluidity of consciousness which the art of writing was invented to avoid. His knowledge of the borderline between moods is considerable, and he passes easily the difficult barrier between thought and action. Susy had an unhappy life, always compared unfavourably to her sister, Cherry, and betrayed by whatever ideals or persons she set her heart on. Her personality is alive, but is not very recognizable, because it is seen so much through her own eyes. Her decision to become Jack's mistress brings the misty and delicately tinted book to a rather harsh, abrupt end.

OTHER NOVELS

Deluge. By E. Fowler Wright. Fowler Wright. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fowler Wright imagines a second Flood, and takes as his scene the Midlands of England, part of which has remained unsubmerged. Here are gathered a handful of survivors who, as far as they know, are the only human beings left on the globe. All traces of their civilization have been swept away, and they are reduced to primal needs. To all intents and purposes they are in the same position as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, but with the handicap of

a thousand years or so of civilization and the attendant vitiation of their health and instincts against them. Solicitors, business men, good suburban people who went to their businesses every day, and returned every night to their wives and children, accepting unthinkingly the paraphernalia of their daily lives, now live like cave-men, raid and steal and kill, and seize their women by force. On this framework Mr. Fowler Wright has expanded; he has evidently enjoyed himself in giving a robust story of adventure, which is both stimulating and amusing.

The Green Country. By E. Maria Albanesi. Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.

This story is almost too good to be true. Richard Adeane, leading the life of a young man about town, spoilt by women, and swiftly going to rack and ruin, suddenly sees the expectations on which he has been living vanish into thin air. His rich uncle dies, leaving him nothing but the chance of going out to work as a "hand" on a certain ranch in Western America. Young Adeane takes up this challenge to his manhood, and sets off for the life that is to mean regeneration and happiness. Madame Albanesi's accustomed ease and skill in writing make up for an abundance of discrepancies.

A Breaking Flower. By Alice Lowther. Erskine Macdonald. 7s. 6d.

Elspeth Rudge, filled with an ardent desire to live her life to the full, finds herself on leaving school at the mercy of the harsh uncle and aunt, who have brought her up, and condemned her to the life of a household drudge in the gloomy country vicarage, which is the only home she has ever known. She is a penniless orphan, suffering the stigma of illegitimacy, and there seems little chance of escape; but she can suffer neither restraint nor delay, and she runs away. She begins by becoming a probationer in a nursing home, the first of many vicissitudes, and although one may feel that one would dislike Elspeth at first sight, the way in which she meets life and takes hard knocks is refreshing. Her story is sympathetically told with an economy of words that leaves no room for sentimentality.

The Winds of March. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Murray. 7s. 6d.

This is a clean and vigorous story of moorland life early in last century—a story of love and hate centring round an old house and an old family, full of incident and tragic happenings. Roger Scroope, owner of Stornth, is happy and thinking of love, when the tree which moorside tradition identifies with the fortune of his house is blown down, and he is supplanted by the discovery of an unknown marriage of the last owner. The new master marries his promised bride, but a new love comes into his life only to be held apart from him by an unsurmountable barrier. The story of their love is told with skill and understanding. It is a book well worth reading and re-reading, one of the finest of the novels of the day.

SHORTER NOTICES

New Paths on Helicon. By Henry Newbolt. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S charming anthology will appeal to every reader who has not (in Sidney's phrase) "so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe up, to look to the sky of poetry." It is evident that we are living in a time when such minds are in a minority. The total number of authors known to have published volumes of verse in England down to 1907 is here stated as about seven hundred—though surely this is an under-estimate—whereas over a thousand published such books in the decade ending in 1920. Sir Henry Newbolt gives us a representative selection from the works of thirty-eight of these writers, with an admirable preface and brief notes on each name. Those who do not already know such beautiful things as Mr. Davies's:

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

or Mr. Hodgson's 'Time, you old gipsy man,' or Mr. Shanks's exquisite 'Night-Piece,' will be grateful for this opportunity of making their acquaintance.

The Farington Diary. By Joseph Farington. Vol. VII (1811-1814). Edited by James Greig. Hutchinson. 21s.

IN comparison with some of the rather lurid diarists who have recently illuminated the reading world, Farington seems to be quite restrained. He could, however, be sufficiently acrimonious when he chose. In this new volume we open on an account of Lord Eldon, that "man of very limited knowledge" in whom "the law's delay" seemed to be incarnated. "The cases submitted to him have so greatly multiplied as to cause a proposal for an assistant to him, but as this wd. subtract from his fees, is not likely soon to be agreed. His income from his situation is very great, perhaps £25,000 a year. He is extremely parsimonious, and scarcely ever gives a dinner." Charles Fox "had done more harm than any other man of his time," not only in politics, but "by introducing Mrs. Armstead, his mistress, a woman who had been very common, into company after he married her." Princess Charlotte, the ill-fated daughter of George IV., was known in Court circles as "our Jilt." We regret to see that only one more volume of this highly entertaining work is to be expected.

Trumpets of Jubilee. By Constance Mayfield Rourke. Cape. 12s.

WE must assume—for publishers presumably know their business—that there is a large public in this country eagerly waiting for details of the careers of such prominent Americans as Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Horace Greeley, and P. T. Barnum (that is the whole of Miss Rourke's list). We must resist the no doubt false impression that any interest which may be called up among English readers will be confined entirely to Barnum. It was Barnum who, at the end of a successful career, observed with a frankness rare among showmen: "My prime object has always been to put money into my purse." At the same time, he always maintained that he was a "public benefactor." "If I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited cameloards, a rhinoceros, grizzly bears, orang-outangs and great serpents." In fact, an amusing character, and the section devoted to him is by far the most readable in this book.

A London Omnibus. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

THE title of this pleasant little anthology is well chosen, for there is hardly any aspect of London life that is not touched upon. The authorities quoted range from John Stow, the chronicler, to Mr. C. E. Montague, and include Dickens, Horace Walpole, Captain Charles Morris, John Evelyn, Blake, and W. N. P. Barbellion. There are sections devoted to Old London Bridge, Clubs, London Pool, Petticoat Lane, and the Palace of Whitehall; extracts, too, from Boswell's Johnson, Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs,' and Defoe's 'Journal of the Plague Year.' The compiler has chosen as his motto the familiar words of Sir Thomas Browne: "Look not for whales in the Euxine Sea, or expect great matters where they are not to be found." If, however, "great matters" are excluded from his survey, there is a wealth of entertaining gossip. The book contains six excellent plates.

Down the Fairway. By Robert T. Jones, Jr., and O. B. Keeler. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

"BOBBY" JONES is by general consent the best golfer in the world, and his victims in English tournaments have found him as modest in manner as he is terrible in execution. He devoured our hopes in 1926 and again in 1927; "no other tiger" has teeth like his. The tiger talks now and talks quietly and well. We learn that even tigers can feel the strain. "There are two kinds of golf; there is golf—and tournament golf." Mr. Jones has a taste for the former, which he began to practise at the age of six; but he has been toiling at the latter since he was fourteen. For some time he could do everything but win; now he does nothing else, and in his discussion of methods he is clear and entertaining. Nobody, it is true, ever reduced his handicap by enlarging his library, but to read Mr. Jones before taking out one's clubs might help. Certainly it will entertain. He gives a humble account of those terrific days when he went round Sunningdale from the competition tees in 66 and 68. His 66 (without a 2 or a 5) is admitted to be the most faultless round ever played in England. There were 33 putts and 33 other shots. The round is described in detail and deserves it. Mr. Keeler has helped to produce a worthy chronicle and a well illustrated volume of instruction.

Mrs. Annie Besant. By Geoffrey West. Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d.

EVEN Mrs. Besant's enemies—if she has any left—will not be concerned to deny that she is a remarkable woman. No woman has been more fiercely attacked or more unfairly misrepresented. Viewed from some standpoints, her life is a long series of contradictions, and there is a curious irony in the fact that the former associate of Bradlaugh should end as the high



PUBLICATION DAY NOVEMBER 18th

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Dr. Emil Ludwig is one of the foremost writers of biography to-day. His studies of Napoleon and Wilhelm Hohenzollern have been translated into English and have been very widely read and discussed. In his new book, prefaced by an introduction on the writing of history, he deals with nineteen men of genius: Leonardo Da Vinci, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Macchiavelli, Goethe, Balzac, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Wilson, Lenin, and eight others.

Ludwig neither attempts that kind of 'valet' biography (interpreting men in terms of their indiscretions) nor does he make portraits like statues. His work in its energy is reminiscent of Carlyle and it has something of the colour of Mr. Philip Guedalla. Underlying all these studies the shrewd reader will find the portrait of a man, the interpretation of his character, and Ludwig's theory of the causes and effects of the appearance of a world-genius in human society.

With sixteen illustrations

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JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

priestess of Theosophy. None the less, a certain unity of purpose does underlie the whole of Mrs. Besant's career. Whether as Anglo-Catholic, Atheist or disciple of Madame Blavatsky, she has always been possessed with a passion for truth, and if to the average reader it seems that her intellect is frequently at the service of her emotions, one can but admire the high steadfastness with which she has met obloquy and abuse. Mr. West writes in a spirit of discriminating enthusiasm. He is chary of claiming immortality for his subject. "As a phenomenon of sheer energy, of unfailing courage, of noble sincerity, she will live always in the memories of all who have known her," he declares; "her fame beyond that point, considering her present position, seems curiously problematical." This appears to us a sane estimate. Mrs. Besant claims her place—and it is a high one—among the representative women of our period, but rather as the exponent than as the pioneer of certain modern movements and tendencies.

Hills of Blue. By A. E. Grantham. Methuen. 25s.

MR. GRANTHAM aptly describes his work as "a picture-roll of Chinese history." It is the story, vividly and picturesquely told, of a civilization of which the average Westerner is at last beginning to be dimly if painfully aware. To call it a history of Chinese progress would be a misnomer, since China is probably the most static country in the world. It is the story of successive dynasties. "Dynasties," writes Mr. Grantham, "are the milestones of Chinese history," and he traces their rise and fall from the earliest times to the closing years of the eighteenth century. He has some caustic comments on the early Christian missions to China. "From the very first," he writes, "the number and the excellence of the guns on board their vessels abundantly demonstrated that they wanted to acquire physical control over the bodies of the Chinese at least as ardently as they hoped to gather their souls into the fold of the Christian Church." The volume contains, in addition to an exhaustive table of the Chinese dynasties, nineteen illustrations and a map, and is fully indexed.

The Beautiful Duchess. By Horace Bleackley. New edition. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

THE appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bleackley's life of Elizabeth Gunning, originally published before the war, is a further proof, if one were needed, of the growing popularity of this kind of humanized and popularized history. Mr. Bleackley knows his subject well. He based his work, as he explained twenty years ago, upon a careful study of old newspapers, and the result is as readable now as it was then.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

CHARACTERISTICS. By William Hazlitt. With an Introduction by R. H. Horne. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 5s. and 7s. 6d.

The text is that of the second edition, 1837, and the introduction is that which "Orion" Horne prefixed to it.

THE REALM OF ESSENCE. By George Santayana. Constable. 12s.

Another volume by this eminent Spanish-American philosopher, sure of a welcome from a public which, if not large, is certainly loyal.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Sir Thomas Malory. Cape. 15s.

THE LITTLE PAGAN FAUN AND OTHER FANCIES. By Patrick R. Chalmers. Cape. 5s.

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Alban G. Widgery. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

CONQUISTADOR. By Philip Guedalla. Benn. 10s. 6d.

FOLK TALES OF PROVENCE. By W. Branch Johnson. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

POLITE CONVERSATION. By Jonathan Swift. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 5s. and 7s. 6d.

THINGS THAT HAVE PUZZLED ME. By Arnold Lunn. Benn. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH CYRIL MAUDE. By Himself. Murray. 16s.

The memoirs of the actor, with reference to his American as well as his English experiences.

PLough Court. Compiled by Ernest C. Cripps. Allan and Hanbury. 10s. 6d.

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SIR JAMES RECKITT. By Major Desmond Chapman-Houston. Faber and Gwyer. 21s.

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Empire and even invading the United States. The book, besides dealing with Sir Joseph, gives a picture of Quaker life eighty years ago.

SINCE I WAS TWENTY-FIVE. By Frank Rutter, Constable. 12s.

Journalistic reminiscences by the well-known art critic.

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, ETC. By Richard Hakluyt. Volumes 7 and 8. Dent. £3 the set of eight volumes.

THE OTHER BUNDLE. By The Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CHARLES THE SECOND. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. Cassell. 18s.

CLOUD CAPP'D TOWERS. By Reginald, Viscount Esher. Murray. 15s.

CÉZANNE. By Roger Fry. The Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

SULTAN MAHMUD OF GHAZNIN. By Mohammad Habib. Bombay: Taraporevala. Rs. 2/8/-.

STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS. VENETIAN AND UMBRIAN SCHOOLS. By Margaret Leicester-Warren. Medici Society. 3s.

STORIES OF THE BRITISH ARTISTS. By Margaret Leicester-Warren. The Medici Society. 3s.

THE UNSPEAKABLE CURLL. By Ralph Straus. Chapman and Hall. Limited Edition. 42s.

TRAVEL

BY DEVIOUS WAYS. By Halford Ross. Murray. 7s. 6d. A record of travel from London to South Africa and India, with particular reference to the cleaning up of Port Said. **MAYA CITIES.** By Thomas Gann. Duckworth. 21s.

The mysterious cities of the Maya people provide a large field for research and speculation, and the author, who was accompanied by representatives of the British Museum and the Carnegie Institution, has produced an unusual book of travel. **THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BEYOND.** By Norma Lorimer. Hutchinson. 21s.

FROM THE MIDDLE TEMPLE TO THE SOUTH SEAS. By Gilchrist Alexander. Murray. 15s.

A BOOK ABOUT PARIS. By George and Pearl Adam. Cape. 12s. 6d.

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RATIONALISM AND ORTHODOXY OF TO-DAY. By J. H. Beibitz. Student Christian Movement. 5s.

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VERSE AND DRAMA

THE JUDGMENT OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. By Herbert Edward Palmer. The Hogarth Press. Limited Edition. 25s.

AND OTHER POEMS. By John Mavrogordato. Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.

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THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* prints a rather curt 'Reply to Admiral Scheer' on Jutland. 'The Romantic Movement' is concerned with France, theatrical and in fiction. An article on 'Byron,' by H. G. von Treitschke, lays emphasis on his poetry of revolt and his struggle for Greek independence as the causes of his Continental fame. Lord Olivier's subject is an examination of the love of a dog for his master; Mr. Martin makes little of a good subject, 'Lost Illusions.' Political articles deal with Germany, Geneva, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, and Sir Austen Chamberlain.

The *London Mercury* notes the complaints about indiscreet diaries, and quotes a publisher's announcement of "Forthcoming Successes." The portrait is of Mr. Edward Shanks, the poetry by Mr. Herring, Mr. W. J. Turner, Mr. Robert Graves, and others—none of it very striking. The fiction is by Mr. J. G. Erskine (a good story) and Mr. C. H. Smith. Dame Ethel Smyth lets herself go in 'Catchwords and the Beloved Ignorants.' It really required someone to say a good word for the 'Trovatore,' which always fills the house for even the poorest opera company. Mr. A. McDowell, in 'The Possessed and Bolshevism,' lauds the genius of Dostoevsky for having foreseen and described the tactics of the present rulers of Russia. Mr. C. Wilkinson writes pleasantly about Hakluyt. The best Chronicles are Architecture, Drama (America and England), Poetry, Fiction, Literary History, and The Classics.

The *Monthly Criterion* contains an appeal for the 'Restoration of the Reason' in place of the prevailing anarchy in art and literature, by Herr E. R. Curtius. Mr. Sturge Moore, in 'Towards Simplicity,' appeals for a simpler reception of Beauty, Goodness and Truth, and eschews theoretical conclusions. Mr. V. B. Melba shows how 'Bias in History' colours all our conceptions. Mr. D. H. Lawrence continues 'Flower Tuscany.' Mr. Hart Crane has a poem, 'The Tunnel.' German and Dutch periodicals are summarized, and there are some good reviews.

The *Nineteenth Century* for November deals with a wide range of subjects, none of them purely literary. Mr. G. H. Bonner attacks the theory of Evolution from the religious side. Mr. Clarke argues for holding up the revised Prayer Book until the doctrinal changes are removed. Dr. Longford explains the attitude of *Action Française* and its supporters towards Rome; Gen. Sir Travers Clarke urges a Commission to con-

sider what changes are necessary in the organization of the Army; Gen. Sir Fabian Ware shows how the War Graves are conducive to peace. 'Ten Years of Bolshevism' recounts the ruin of Russia, but does not explain how the country has gone on living all the time; Sir John Reith discusses the influence of broadcasting on political discussions. Other articles deal with Tennis, the attacks on Warren Hastings, a Japanese love-story, South Africa, etc.

The *National Review* has the rare pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Lloyd George in its 'Episodes.' The question of War Guilt (including our own), the support of the League of Nations by Sweden and other small Powers, Airships, South Africa, Canada and Leadership, and House of Lords Reform are other topics. The number has papers on 'The Biological Aspect of Memory and Jazzy,' on the crossbill and its ways, on Wadham and its memories, the training of a war airmen, an adventure in Hausa Land, *L'Action française*, Mexico, among others. Mr. Maxse, in 'Prime Ministers and Others,' appeals for drastic economy.

The *Empire Review* has a paper on Lord Birkenhead's book by Mr. Birrell, on 'Newton and the Principia' by Prof. Forsyth, and on Cyprus by Major Newman. Mr. McCarthy writes on 'Literary Booms.' Dr. Williams on Rheumatism and Heart Disease, and Lady Evelyn Giffard has an amusing story of a great man and his biographer.

The *English Review* opens with a paper by Mr. Ernest Remnant on 'Seeds of War in Europe,' followed by Mr. Baumann on 'Lords and Ladies' and Miss Campbell on 'The House of Lords and Money Bills.' Prof. Morgan reviews Mr. A. P. Herbert, or rather gives his best points; Mr. F. Gribble describes the career of Hofmann without saying much of his tales; and Gen. Pilcher tells some anecdotes illustrating 'National Points of View.' Two stories by J. Allan Dun and L. L. Webb are, neither of them, very cheerful.

The *World To-day* begins a very good number with Mr. Arnold Bennett's views on 'Men and Events.' He thinks Mr. Baldwin uneducated and backs Mr. Churchill (he would). Gen. Sir George MacMunn hints disapproval of recent eulogies on Col. Lawrence and Miss Bell; Miss Hale writes on Sargent; there is a story by a Zeppelin Raider; and of the reclaimed Zuyder Zee, of Carnegie and of Labrador. The illustrations are excellent.

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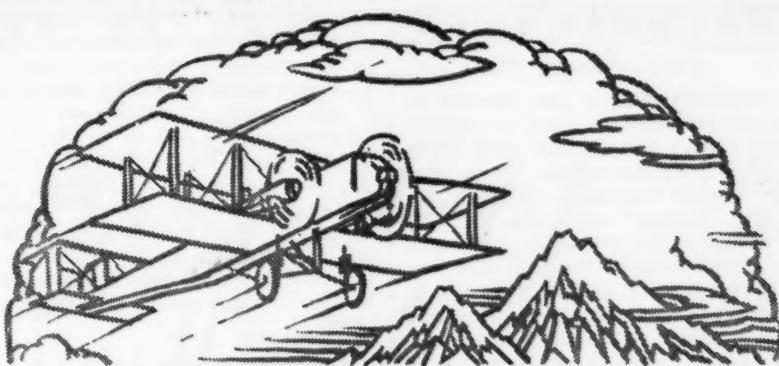
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

After the temporary halt in the advance in prices in the industrial market caused by liquidation, they have started going ahead again under the lead of match and gramophone shares. The reason for the strength of Swedish Matches is that negotiations are presumably nearing completion for the acquisition of the French Match monopoly. Krueger and Toll, as large shareholders of Swedish Matches, have risen in sympathy. As for gramophone shares, the rise here is due to the fact that the Gramophone Company (His Master's Voice) are said to be shortly introducing to the market some new machines which will surpass all existing ones. As of late it has become the custom if one gramophone share rises for all to rise, the general strength of this market can be explained. It seems very doubtful, however, whether the general marking up of prices which heralded the opening of the present week is justified. It would cause little surprise in City circles if further liquidation were not experienced prior to the turn of the year, and in these circumstances it seems quite possible that prices in the industrial market will receive another decided check in the reasonably near future.

CHEMICAL AND METALLURGICAL

The Chemical and Metallurgical meeting held on Monday last authorized the directors to issue such of the unissued shares as they considered desirable. The Chairman's speech was most optimistic, and further confirmed the views already expressed in these notes that the Company has a particularly bright future in store for it. It must be remembered, however, that it has not yet reached the stage when its shares can be deemed an investment.

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HOME RAILS

The Home Railway market continues to figure as the Cinderella of the Stock Exchange, inasmuch as it has remained neglected for a considerable period. There are signs, however, of increasing interest in this direction, and although no outburst of activity is to be expected, it does not appear over-optimistic to express the opinion that the turning point in this market has at last been reached.

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has since been some slight recovery. At the same time the shares still appear under-valued, and in their class an attractive investment. The figures published in the prospectus were based on the profits that the Company would have made during the past few years if the existing arrangement had been in force. Information received as to the Company's activities suggests that the profits will reach a minimum of £50,000 per annum. The 8% on the cumulative Preferred Ordinary shares requires £18,000 per annum, so it will be seen that these £1 shares standing at a discount are very well secured, while the 1s. Deferred shares should receive a satisfactory dividend. Neither of these shares should be overlooked.

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After the enthusiastic reception which Glanzstoff shares were accorded when introduced on the London market, a few weeks ago, the price has fallen to a level which should prove attractive to the genuine investor. The fall has been entirely due to the weakness of the Berlin market. The intrinsic merits of Glanzstoff shares have been in no way affected thereby. It is a well-known fact that the Company works in close co-operation with Courtaulds (who, incidentally, are large shareholders of Glanzstoff) as well as with Snia and Dutch Enka and their affiliated companies, and that the group represents more than 70% of the world's total artificial silk production. The Company's ordinary capital is M.60,000,000 and its open reserves, in consequence of encashments of premiums at the time of issue, represent 87% of the capital. Its balance sheet is drawn up in a most conservative manner, important assets such as patents being completely written off. The management of the Company is in first-class hands, and it is in a position to take advantage of all progress in the artificial silk industry in the widest possible measure.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 295

(Twelfth of the 21st Quarter)

To COVENTRY YOU NOW MUST WEND YOU,
FOR THITHER, SOLVERS, DO I SEND YOU,
A PAIR TO FIND WELL KNOWN TO ALL,
BOTH YOUNG AND OLD, AND GREAT AND SMALL.

1. Your game's approved, but let the wooer go.
2. We sought, of course, to inflict it on the foe.
3. I, in my day, the record held for speed.
4. Of this example, sir, the heart we need.
5. Curtail a snare—to millions it has been one.
6. 'Twas Cuthbert Bede described that very green one.
7. A lexicographer upon me trod.
8. "In reason, man directs, but in me, God."
9. Shoots through a hollow cup its tongue of flame.
10. The grand old gardener answered to this name.

Solution of Acrostic No. 293

C	ra	Ft	* In Architecture, an Attic is a low
R	epr	Isal	storey erected over a principal one,
I	reproachabl	E	generally decorated with pilasters and
C	rackne	L	a cornice, but having neither capital
K	ey-boar	D	nor base.
E	xoti	C	
T	rotte	R	—Imperial Dictionary.
F	la	Il	
I	ntrinsi	C	
E	1	Kanah	
L	attic*	E	
D	isarmamen	T	

ACROSTIC No. 293.—The winner is Parvus (name and address, please!), who has selected as his prize 'Plain Jane,' by A. P. Herbert, published by Fisher Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on October 29, under the title 'A Cocktail.' Fifteen other competitors named this book, 32 chose 'Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age,' 11 'Benighted,' etc., etc.
ALSO CORRECT.—Ape, Baldersby, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Buns, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, Dolmar, Reginald P. Eccles, Gay, Iago, J. B., Jeff, Jerboa, Jop, Kirkton, Lillian, Madge, Margaret, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Peter, Quis, R. Ransom, Rikki, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Zero, Zyk.

Other replies are held over till next week

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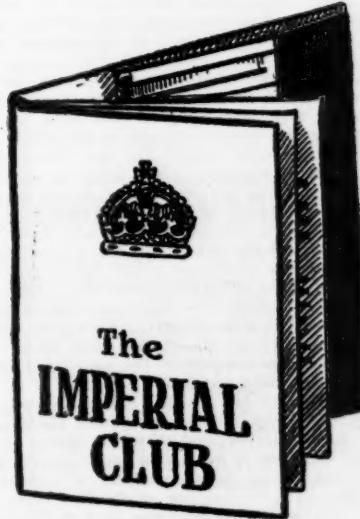
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Company Meeting**CHEMICAL AND METALLURGICAL CORPORATION****SHARE ISSUE APPROVED**

An EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Chemical and Metallurgical Corporation, Ltd., was held on November 7 at River Plate House, E.C.

Sir Frederick Mills, Bart. (chairman and joint managing director), said that the company's primary patents, of which they controlled over 200, covered a process for the separation of zinc and lead, so that a zinc-lead concentrate could be dealt with by hydro-metallurgy, the resultant product being a lead residue free of all zinc and a zinc residue free of all lead, no previous mechanical or metallurgical practice having hitherto given a like result. They had decided to instal at a suitable location an electrolytic zinc refinery, so that they could deal with lead and zinc from the raw material to their conversion into metal or into any form of zinc or lead compound. They had on the board directors who were closely associated with the operation of zinc-lead mines in Mexico and other parts of the world. The products from these mines were to-day going to the Continent of Europe for subsequent treatment, and these gentlemen and their associate directors had been studying the question of erecting at some point in Europe where power could be secured at a low cost an electrolytic zinc refinery of their own, and diverting to this refinery the ores from the mines which they controlled rather than ship them to Europe for treatment. They decided, however, as they were practically dominant shareholders of the company, to propose to the board, rather than erect such a plant themselves, that they should submit a proposal that this refinery should be erected and operated by the corporation, as they would be in a position not only to convert the zinc into spelter, but to manufacture therefrom the marketable compounds of zinc with great advantage to the corporation from the profit-earning point of view. They offered, if the board decided to adopt their suggestions, to provide, on certain conditions, all the capital for the erection of such a plant.

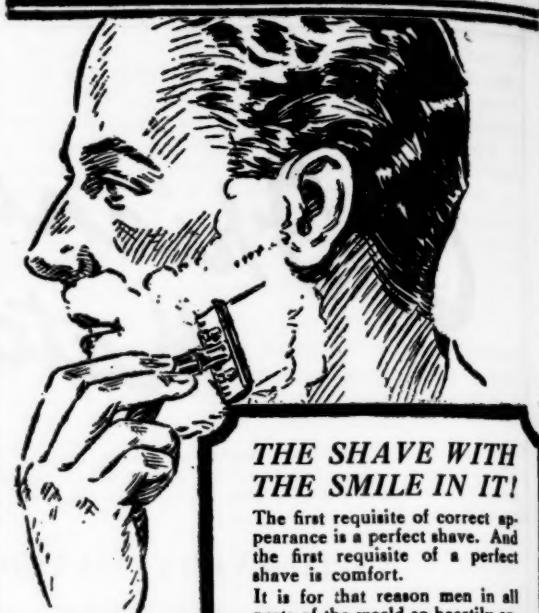
The board had decided to accept their suggestions, and it was because of their decision to proceed with the erection of an electrolytic zinc refinery, now that the funds for its erection were assured, that they had felt it necessary to ask the shareholders to deal with the entire unissued share capital of the company as and when they decided to so proceed, and to issue it at the best price which could be secured. A complete study of the electrolytic zinc development in America and other parts of the world was being made by experts, and when the board had located a situation where cheap electric power could be secured this plant would be erected, so that their zinc residues would be treated in English-owned works instead of being diverted to Europe, where their friends and competitors had hitherto held practically a monopoly outside of America of the zinc-smelting business, and from mines mostly controlled by English capital.

They had been fortunate in securing the site at Runcorn on the Manchester Canal, which was ample for all present and future requirements, and which constituted an ideal position for the company's works. They were creating a metallurgical undertaking having the power of converting the metals into finished products. These manufactures could be sold in the immediate neighbourhood of the works, so that they would be making a manufacturers' profit, and he ventured to suggest that the day would come when they would be owning their own mines, treating the ore from them, converting the ores into metal or compounds of metal, and selling direct to consumers. The directors were considering an offer of an option of a mine with very large reserves of a grade of ore which they had tested and which they could treat. The ores from this mine, based on their present reserves, would keep the company's works going at their present estimate output for at least seven years.

The first resolution to be submitted dealt with the authority of the board to dispose of the share capital of the company in excess of 5,000,000 shares, for the resolutions passed on June 9, 1925, provided that they could not dispose of any shares in excess of 5,000,000 without the shareholders' authority. They therefore asked the meeting to give the directors power to deal with the entire share capital, realising for any shares that might be disposed of the best price that could be secured in the interests of the company. The board had contracted to dispose of a considerable portion of the balance of the authorised capital, and they asked for the shareholders' authority to deal with it. They would require very substantial funds for the purchase of ores in the market, and they had agreed to sell a large block of the unissued shares to an important financial group. They were also asking the shareholders to authorise a resolution for an increase in the number of directors from eight to twelve.

In conclusion, the chairman said that he believed they were initiating and would continue to develop a great metallurgical chemical industry in this country, which must bring back to this country, in part at least, an industry hitherto dominated by the Continent and the United States of America.

The resolutions submitted were carried unanimously.

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